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SPARE MINUTE SERIES.

MANY COLORED THREADS

FROM THE WRITINGS OF GOETHE

SELECTED BY

CARRIE ADELAIDE COOKE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

REV. ALEXANDER McKENZIE, D.D.

BOSTON
LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY

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INTRODUCTION.

THERE is little need of a formal introduction to this book. The name of the man from whose writings these selections have been made is of itself enough to attract the reader and to create an expectation which cannot be disappointed. It is a book of selections, and the choice having been made with carefulness and intelligence, the simple purpose which the compiler has had in mind will be fulfilled. The reader will pass some pleasant hours in turning over the pages and reading the sentences at his leisure, while his mind will be quickened and the horizon of his thoughts will be enlarged by contact with one of the great thinkers of modern times.

Goethe is an author from whose writings good selections can be well taken for the reader's profit. He was able by virtue of his own genius to see more than the common man and to put his visions and his reflections in such form that others who would never have seen the things for themselves, or been able to think deeply upon them, can have the benefit of his generous study and thought. One of the high purposes of men of his exalted power is to see for their fellows, and to translate the things which are high and deep into the language of the people. A few words from such a man, holding in compact sentences the result of prolonged study, observation and experience, will suffice for the use of others for

many days. Sentences, therefore, chosen with discrimination, have a place which pages and volumes may not fill so effectively.

Goethe had a good inheritance from both his father and his mother — from the robust character of the one, and the affectionate, imaginative disposition of the other. His native capacity, and his early training, made him a precocious boy, while his life in Frankfort and his intercourse with men of note, developed all his powers and increased his acquisitions. It was a fine start.

It is painful to remember how far his early life was alien to these higher influences, and his career affected by associations of a baser sort. Genius is no mantle for wrong. But he was too great not to be great in spite of his weaker self and his follies. The power was in him and asserted itself. He studied hard and became proficient in many departments of learning. He was many-sided. His mind took a wide range and seemed almost equally at home in many places. The real and the ideal both interested him and were cherished by him. Science and art, philosophy and poetry, engaged his attention and were enriched by his handiwork. In this versatility of his powers and the manifoldness of their application he was remarkable. Out of this breadth of study came varied and large thoughts of the world and of human life. He had the faculties with which nature and humanity and divine power could breathe their inspiration for the world's instruction and delight. These selections from his writings should make this evident. It is natural that such a man should attain fame and that to the recognition of his power by his countrymen, should be added that of men of other lands; that his writings

should be translated and read by the people; that his name should be one of the few which live in the school and the home.

This book will but carry forward what more assuming works have been doing, if it brings the thoughts of the master to the minds and hearts of men, and wins for them the reverence which they have elsewhere received.

ALEXANDER McKENZIE.

CAMBRIDGE, 1885.

WHATEVER may be said against collections which give authors in a fragmentary form, they nevertheless produce many good results. We are not always so collected and so ready that we can take in a whole book according to its merits.

Do we not, in a book, mark passages which have an immediate reference to ourselves? Young people especially are laudably excited by brilliant sayings. Noble peculiarities, happy descriptions, humorous traits — all strike us singly and powerfully.

GOETHE.

JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE.

WOLFGANG GOETHE was born in Frankfort-on-the-Main, on the twenty-eighth of August, 1749. His father, who was imperial councillor in Frankfort, was a stern, formal man, inspiring respect, but winning little love, even from wife and children. It is around the little mother, only eighteen when her son was born, that our thoughts like best to linger. Having known her, one could understand Goethe. We fail to wonder at certain characteristics of the son, when we find the mother saying, "I never *demoralize* any one — *always seek out the good that is in them, and leave what is bad to Him who made mankind, and knows how to round off the angles.*"

While we are looking, with fast-dimming eyes, at the pictured face of one we have loved but to lose, we do not stop to analyze it as a work of art, but rather take the whole gracious impression home to our hearts and cherish it there. So I find it difficult to give outlines of Goethe's life and literary labors. The warmth of the great loving, loyal heart that pulses alike through letter and poem, thrills me strangely as I lay them down one by one.

In his private life, where he laid aside the reserve so often called coldness, "what he lived was more beautiful than what he wrote." Of his marriage much has been

written, much conjectured. He has been alternately blamed and pitied for this *mésalliance*, but we catch many glimpses of a tender, beautiful home-life, made such by the devotion of his wife, who is spoken of as "less the mistress of his mind than of his affections." "There are few poems in any language which approach the passionate gratitude of those in which he recalls the happiness she gave him." Of what he was, judged from the world's standpoint, perhaps no one can speak more justly than G. H. Lewes, whose *Life of Goethe* charms with every page:

"There may be some among my readers who will dispute Goethe's claim to greatness. They will admit that he was a great poet, but deny that he was a great man. In denying it, they will set forth the qualities which constitute their ideal of greatness, and finding him deficient in some of these qualities, will dispute his claim. But in awarding him that title, I do not mean to imply that he was an ideal man; I do not present him as the exemplar of all greatness. No man can be such an exemplar. Humanity reveals itself in fragments. One man is the embodiment of one kind of excellence, another of another. Achilles wins the victory, and Homer immortalizes it; we bestow the laurel crown on both. In virtue of a genius such as modern times have only seen equalled once or twice, Goethe deserves the epithet of great. Nor is it in virtue of genius alone that he deserves the title. His life amid all its weaknesses and all its errors, presents a picture of a certain grandeur of soul, which cannot be contemplated unmoved. I shall make no attempt to conceal his faults. Let them be dealt with as harshly as severest justice may dictate, they

will not eclipse the central light that shines throughout his life. And without wishing to excuse or to conceal faults which he assuredly had, we must always bear in mind that the faults of a celebrated man are apt to carry an undue emphasis; they are thrown into stronger relief by the very splendor of his fame."

Those of his works most favorably known are *Elective Affinities*, *Werther*, *Wilhelm Meister* and the *Autobiography*, in prose, and *Faust*, *Hermann and Dorothea*, and *Wallenstein*, in poetry. *The Correspondence with a Child* has been proved to be unreliable, therefore no selections have been made therefrom. It is somewhat of a blow, after the tender association of the two names in our minds for years, to realize that Bettina never had a right to the place she has held before the world as Goethe's child-friend. This little book is a delightful romance, and as such cannot fail to charm and refresh all who read it, while recognizing it as such has lifted a cloud from the fair fame of a noble man against whom many injurious charges have been brought because of it.

During his eighty-second year Goethe completed *Faust*, wrote the preface to Carlyle's *Life of Schiller*, beside much work of minor importance, but his health failed perceptibly, and at last, the craving of his life was answered, and "more light" was given even while he asked.

CAMBRIDGE, 1885. C. A. C.

MANY COLORED THREADS.

* * *

GENIUS is that power of man which by its deeds and actions gives laws and rules. All passion supplies the place of genius, and is really full of genius.

* * *

Every highly-gifted man is called upon to diffuse whatever there is of divine within him. In attempting this, however, he comes in contact with the rough world, and, in order to act upon it, he must put himself upon the same level. Thus in a great measure, he compromises his high advantages, and finally forfeits them together. The heavenly, the eternal, is buried in a body of earthly designs, and hurried with it to the fate of the transient.

* * *

It is a pardonable whim in men of consequence, to place their exterior advantages in concealment now and then so as to allow their own internal human nature to operate with the greater purity.

* * *

Every talent which rests on a decided natural gift, seems from our inability to subordinate either it or its operations to any idea, to have something of magic in it.

It is the greatest and most genuine of pleasures to observe a great mind in sympathy with our own.

***

Mediocrity has no greater consolation than in the thought that genius is not immortal.

***

But what chiefly vindicates the practice of strict requisitions, of decided laws, is that genius, that native talent, is precisely the readiest to seize them, and yield them willing obedience. It is only the half-gifted that would wish to put his own contracted singularity in the place of the unconditional whole, and justify his false attempts under cover of an unconstrainable originality and independence.

***

How difficult it is to prevail on a man to venture boldly on making a sacrifice for an after-advantage! How hard to get him to desire an end and not to hesitate at the means! So many people confuse means with ends; they keep hanging over the first, without having the other before their eyes. Every evil is to be cured at the place where it comes to the surface, and they will not trouble themselves to look for the cause which produces it, or the remote effect which results from it. This is why it is so difficult to get advice listened to especially among the many: they can see clearly enough from day to day, but their scope seldom reaches beyond the morrow; and if it comes to a point where with some general arrangement one person will gain while another will lose, there is no prevailing on them to strike a balance.

***

"No man is a hero to his valet," the proverb says. But that is only because it requires a hero to recognize a hero. The valet will probably know how to value the valet-hero.

***

When ordinary men allow themselves to be worked up by common everyday difficulties into fever-fits of passion, we can give them nothing but a compassionate smile. But we look with a kind of awe on a spirit in which the seed of a great destiny has been sown, which must abide the unfolding of the germ, and neither dare or can do anything to precipitate either the good or the ill, either the happiness or the misery which is to arise out of it.

***

The greatest men are connected with their own century always through some weakness.

***

As it is the character of our countrymen to do good and cause it, without pomp or circumstance, so they seldom consider that there is likewise a mode of doing what is right with grace and dignity; more frequently, indeed, they yield to the spirit of contradiction and fall into the error of deforming their dearest virtue by a surly mode of putting it in practice.

***

All men of a good disposition feel, with increasing cultivation, that they have a double part to play in the world — a real one, and an ideal one, and in this feeling

is the ground of everything noble to be sought. The real part which has been assigned to us we experience but too plainly; with respect to the second, we seldom come to a clear understanding about it. Man may seek this higher destination on earth or in heaven, in the present or in the future, he yet remains on this account exposed to an eternal wavering, to an influence from without which ever disturbs him, until he once for all makes a resolution to declare that that is right which is suitable to himself.

* * *

Man is never perfectly master of himself. As he lives in utter ignorance of the future, as indeed what the next moment may bring forth is hidden from him, consequently, when anything unusual falls beneath his notice he has often to contend with involuntary sensations, forebodings, and dream-like fancies, at which shortly afterwards he may laugh outright, but which at the decisive moment are often extremely oppressive.

* * *

Such is man; he is always either anticipating or regretting.

* * *

The most eminent man lives only by the day, and enjoys but a sorry entertainment, when he throws himself back upon himself, and neglects to grasp into the fulness of the external world, where alone he can find nourishment for his growth, and at the same time a standard for its measurement.

Men, whom Nature, after endowing them with uncommon advantages, has placed in a narrow circle of

action, or at least in one disproportioned to their powers, generally fall into eccentricities; and as they have no opportunity of making direct use of their gifts, seek to employ them in an extraordinary or whimsical manner.

* * *

The word "vain" carries with it the idea of emptiness, and we can properly designate by it only the man who cannot conceal his joy at his Nothing, his contentment with a hollow phantom.

* * *

Of sun and worlds I've nought to tell worth mention,
How men torment themselves takes my attention.
The little God o' the world jogs on the same old way
And is as singular as on the world's first day.

* * *

The man who cannot enjoy his own natural gifts in silence, and find his reward in the exercise of them, but must wait and hope for their recognition and appreciation by others, will generally find himself but badly off, because it is but too well-known a fact that men are very niggard of their applause; that they rather love to mingle alloy with praise, and where it can in any degree be done, to turn it into blame.

Whoever comes before the public without being prepared for this, will meet with nothing but vexation; since, even if he does not over-estimate his own production, it still has for him an unlimited value, while the reception it meets with in the world, is in every case qualified.

* * *

The human race is but a monotonous affair. Most of them labor the greater part of their time for mere subsistence, and the small portion of freedom which remains unemployed so troubles them that they use every exertion to get rid of it. O, the destiny of man!

And what is man — that boasted demigod? Do not his powers fail when he most requires their use? And whether he soar in joy or sink in sorrow, is not his career in both inevitably arrested? And whilst he fondly dreams that he is grasping at infinity, does he not feel compelled to return to a consciousness of his cold, monotonous existence?

* * *

What is that which distinguishes the blockhead from the really clever man, but the peculiar quickness and vividness with which the latter discerns the nicer shades and proprieties of all that comes before him, and expresses himself thereon with facility; whereas the former (just as we all do with a foreign language), is forced on every occasion to have recourse to some ready-found conversational phrase or other.

* * *

A man may turn whither he pleases, and undertake anything whatsoever, but he will always return to the path which Nature has once prescribed for him.

Every bird has its decoy, and every man is led and misled in a way peculiar to himself.

* * *

A world of folly in one little soul,
Man loves to think himself a whole.

***

A man's name is not like a mantle, which merely hangs about him, and which, perchance, may be safely twitched or pulled; but is a perfectly fitting garment, which has grown over and over him like his very skin, at which one cannot rake and scrape without wounding the man himself.

***

Man cares for nothing except what flatters him and promises him fair; and his faith is alive exclusively for the sunny side.

***

It seems to me, that if we examine ourselves, or observe others, we shall find that men are seldom influenced by their own reflections either to pursue or to abandon a certain course, but are generally impelled by extraneous circumstances.

***

When a great man has a dark corner in him, it is terribly dark.

***

Man is only called upon to act in the present.

***

It will not do to measure one's self with artists; every one must go on in his own style. Nature has made provision for all her children; the meanest is not hindered in its existence even by that of the most excellent. "A little man is still a man."

* * *

Every condition is good that is founded on reason and nature.

Many are man's desires, yet little it is that he needeth;
Seeing the days are short and mortal destiny bounded.

* * *

As the man who commits some evil deed has to fear, that, notwithstanding all precautious, it will one day come to light — so too, he must expect who has done some good thing in secret, that it also, in spite of himself, will appear in the day.

* * *

Man has need of patience, and needful to him are also
Calmness and clearness of mind, and a pure and right understanding.

* * *

No greater good fortune can befall a city, than when several educated men, like-minded in what is good and right, live together in it.

* * *

In moral and religious, as well as in physical and civil matters, man does not like to do anything on the spur of the moment; he needs a sequence from which results habit; what he is to love and to perform, he cannot represent to himself as single or isolated.

* * *

Men who are complete strangers, and wholly indifferent to one another, if they live a long time together, are sure both of them to expose something of their inner nature, and thus a kind of intimacy will arise between them.

* * *

Men love to dally with and exaggerate the evils which circumstances have once begun to inflict upon them.

* * *

What habitually befalls any person repeats itself more often than one is apt to suppose, because his own nature gives the immediate occasion for it.

Character, individuality, inclination, tendency, locality, circumstance and habits, form together a whole, in which every man moves as in an atmosphere, and where only he feels himself at ease in his proper element.

And so we find men, of whose changeableness so many complaints are made, after many years, to our surprise, unchanged, and in all their infinite tendencies, outward and inward, unchangeable.

* * *

Man is naturally active wherever he is; and if you know how to tell him what to do, he will do it immediately and keep straight in the direction in which you set him. I myself, in my own circle, am far better pleased to endure faults and mistakes, till I know what the opposite virtue is that I am to enjoin than to be rid of the faults and to have nothing good to put in their places. A man is really glad to do what is right and sensible, if he only knows how to get at it.

It is no such great matter with him; he does it because he must have something to do, and he thinks no more about it afterward than he does of the silliest freak which he engaged in out of purest idleness.

* * *

Man is but man, and whatever be the extent of his reasoning powers, they are of little avail when passion

rages within, and he feels himself confined by the narrow limits of nature.

* * *

Is he indeed a man to be prized, who, in good and in evil,
Takes no thought but for self, and gladness and sorrow with others
Knows not how to divide, nor feels his heart so impel him?

* * *

Authority is so delightful a word, and it sounds so noble to promise to control ourselves, men speak of it with pleasure, and would persuade us that they can seriously practice the virtue. I wish I had ever known a man capable of subduing himself in the smallest particular. In indifferent matters they affect resolution, as if the loss occasioned actual suffering; whilst their real desires are considered as supremely essential, unavoidable, and indispensable. I have never known a man capable of enduring privation.

* * *

What beings are men, whose whole thoughts are occupied with form and ceremony, who for years together devote their mental and physical exertions to the task of advancing themselves but one step. Not that such persons would otherwise want employment; on the contrary, they give themselves much trouble by neglecting important business for such pretty trifles.

The silly creatures cannot see that it is not place which constitutes real greatness, since the man who occupies the first place but seldom plays the principal part. How many kings are governed by their ministers — how

many ministers by their secretaries? Who, in such cases, is really the chief? He, as it seems to me, who can see through the others, and possesses strength or skill enough to make their power or passions subservient to the execution of his own designs.

* * *

Fools and modest people are alike innocuous. It is only the half-fools and the half-wise who are really and truly dangerous.

* * *

I know very well that we are not and cannot be equal; but in my opinion he who avoids the common people in order to command their respect, is as culpable as a coward who hides himself from his enemy because he fears defeat.

* * *

"Do you suppose that I am in the world to give *advice?* Of all occupations which man can pursue, that is the most foolish. Every man must be his own counsellor, and do what he cannot let alone. The most prudent plans I have seen miscarry, and the most foolish succeed.

"Don't split your brains about it; and if, one way or the other, evil comes of what you settle, don't fret."

. . . . . .

For he chooses not always the best who longest considers.

* * *

Intercourse with the great is always advantageous to him who knows properly how to use it.

* * *

Man is ever the most interesting object to man, and perhaps should be the only one that interests. What-

ever else surrounds us is but the element in which we live, or else the instrument which we employ. The more we devote ourselves to such things, the more we attend to and feel concern in them, the weaker will our sense of our own dignity become.

* * *

Surrounded by enemies we may at any rate cut our way through them ; the meshes of state policy are harder to break through.

* * *

How glad are men when they get rid of an opponent, or only of a guardian ; and the herd does not reflect that where there is no dog, it is exposed to wolves.

* * *

It is not difficult to remark in the world, that man feels himself most freely and perfectly rid of his own failings when he represents to himself the faults of others and expatiates upon them with complacent censoriousness.

* * *

An angry man may easily be appeased if we can succeed in making him smile.

* * *

We should not in all things, transcend the notions which men have already formed ; it is good that much should be in accordance with the common way of thinking.

* * *

All presentiments, when confirmed by the event, give man a higher opinion of himself, whether it be that he

thinks himself in possession of so fine a susceptibility as to feel a relation in the distance, or acute enough to perceive necessary but still uncertain associations.

* * *

No one willingly concedes superiority to another, so long as he can in any way deny it.

* * *

When any man pretends to mix in manifold activity or manifold enjoyment, he must also be enabled, as it were, to make his organs manifold and independent of each other. Whoever aims at doing or enjoying all and everything with his entire nature; whoever tries to link together all that is without him by such a species of enjoyment will only lose his time in efforts that can never be successful. How difficult, though it seems so easy, is it to contemplate a noble disposition, a fine picture simply in and for itself; to watch the music for the music's sake; to admire the actor in the actor; to take pleasure in a building for its own peculiar harmony and durability! Most men are wont to treat a work of art, though fixed and done, as if it were a piece of soft clay. The hard and polished marble is again to mold itself, the firm-walled edifice is to contract or to expand itself, according as their inclinations, sentiments, and whims may dictate; the picture is to be instructive, the play to make us better, everything is to do all. The reason is that most men are themselves unformed, they cannot give themselves and their being any certain shape; and thus they strive to take from other things their proper shape, that all they have to do with may be loose and wavering like themselves. Everything is, in the long run, reduced by them to what they call effect; everything

is relative, say they; and so, indeed, it is; everything with them grows relative, except absurdity and platitude, which truly are absolute enough.

***

He in whom there is much to be developed will be later in acquiring true perceptions of himself and of the world. There are few who at once have thought and the capacity of action. Thought expands, but lames; action animates, but narrows.

***

It is the pleasure one has in himself, the desire to communicate this consciousness of his to others, that makes a man agreeable; the feeling of his own grace that makes him graceful. Would to Heaven all men were vain! that is, were vain with clear perception, with moderation and in a proper sense; we should then, in the cultivated world, have happy times of it. Women, it is told us, are vain from the very cradle; yet does it not become them, do they not please us the more? How can a youth form himself, if he is not vain? An empty, hollow nature, will, by this means, at least contrive to give itself an outward show; and a proper man will soon train himself from the outside inwards.

***

It is all men that make up mankind; all powers taken together that make up the world. These are frequently at variance: and as they endeavor to destroy each other, Nature holds them together, and again produces them. From the first animal tendency to handicraft attempts, up to the highest practicing of intellectual art; from

the inarticulate crowings of the happy infant, up to the polished utterance of the orator and singer; from the first bickerings of boys up to the vast equipments by which countries are conquered and retained; from the slightest kindliness and the most transitory love, up to the fiercest passion and the most earnest covenant; from the merest perception of sensible presence up to the faintest presentiments and hopes of the remotest spiritual future; all this and much more also lies in man, and must be cultivated; yet not in one, but in many. Every gift is valuable, and ought to be unfolded. When one encourages the beautiful alone, and another encourages the useful alone, it takes them both to form a man. The useful encourages itself; for the multitude produce it, and no one can dispense with it: the beautiful must be encouraged; for few can set it forth and many may need it.

* * *

How can men judge rightly of our actions, which appear but singly or in fragments to them; of which they see the smallest portion; while good and bad take place in secret, and for most part nothing comes to light but an indifferent show?

* * *

Man has quite a peculiar pleasure in making proselytes; in bringing what he values in himself into view also without himself on others; causing others to enjoy what he enjoys; finding in others his own likeness, represented and reflected back to him. In sooth, if this is selfishness, it is of the most laudable and lovable sort, that selfishness which has made us men and keeps us so.

***

How utterly these men are unacquainted with themselves, how thoughtlessly they carry on their trade, how boundless their pretentions are, no mortal can conceive. Each not only would be first, but sole; each wishes to exclude the rest, and does not see that even with them, he can scarcely accomplish anything. Each thinks himself a man of marvelous originality, yet with a ravening appetite for novelty, he cannot walk a footstep from the beaten track. How vehemently they counterwork each other! It is only the pitifulest self-love, the narrowest views of interest that unite them. Of reciprocal accommodation they have no idea; backbiting and hidden spitefulness maintain a constant jealousy among them. In their lives they are either rakes or simpletons. Each claims the loftiest respect, each writhes under the slightest blame. "All this he knew already," he will tell you. Why then did he not do it? Ever needy, ever unconfiding, they seem as if their greatest fear were reason and good taste, their highest care were to secure the majesty of their self-will.

***

Most men, even the most accomplished, are but limited: each prizes certain properties in others and himself; these alone he favors, these alone will he have cultivated.

***

The natural man repeats this operation millions of times in the course of his life; from fear he struggles to freedom; from freedom he is driven back to fear and so makes no advancement. To fear is easy, but grievous;

to reverence is difficult, but satisfactory. Man does not willingly submit himself to reverence; or rather he never so submits himself; it is a higher sense, which must be communicated to his nature; which only in some peculiarly favored individuals unfolds itself spontaneously, who on this account too have of old been looked upon as saints and gods.

* * *

So strangely is man tempered, that he may be persuaded of the worthlessness of any darling object, may turn away from it, nay, even execrate it; but yet will not see it treated in this way by others; and perhaps the spirit of contradiction which dwells in all men, never rouses itself more vehemently and stoutly than in such cases.

* * *

Are not the mass of men so marred and stinted, because they take pleasure only in the element of evil-wishing and evil-speaking? Whoever gives himself to this soon comes to be indifferent towards God, contemptuous towards the world, spiteful towards his equals; and the true, genuine, indispensable sentiment of self-estimation corrupts into self-conceit and presumption.

* * *

A man whose clear intellect could form a just and rigorous decision about present things; but who erred withal in enunciating these particular decisions with a kind of universal application; whereas in truth, the judgments of the understanding are properly of force but once, and that in the strictest cases, and become inaccurate in some degree when applied to any other.

* * *

Man is of a companionable, conversing nature: his delight is great when he exercises faculties that have been given him, even though nothing farther came of it. How often in society do we hear the complaint, that one will not let the other speak; and in the same manner also we might say, that one would not let the other write, were not writing an employment commonly transacted in private and alone.

How much people write one could scarcely ever conjecture. I speak not of what is printed, though that in itself is abundant enough; but of all that, in the shape of letters and memorials and narratives, anecdotes, descriptions of present circumstances in the life of individuals, sketches and larger essays, circulate in secret; of this you can form no idea till you have lived for some time in a community of cultivated families.

* * *

I know enough of them, in truth, who beside the greatest works of art and nature, forthwith recollect their own most paltry insufficiency; who take their conscience and their morals with them to the opera: who bethink them of their loves and hatreds in contemplating a colonnade. The best and greatest that can be presented to them from without, they must first, as far as possible diminish, in their way of representing it, that they may in any measure be enabled to combine it with their own sorry nature.

* * *

Men I wished to avoid. To them we can give no help, and they hinder us from helping ourselves. Are

they happy, we must let them persevere in their stolidities; are they unhappy, we must save them without disturbing these stolidities; and no one ever asks whether thou art happy or unhappy.

* * *

I prefer always to learn from the author himself how he did think, than to hear from another how he ought to have thought.

* * *

How often the cursory reading of a book, which irresistibly carries one with it, exercised the greatest influence on a man's whole life, and produced at once a decisive effect, which neither a second perusal nor earnest reflection can either strengthen or modify.

* * *

I turn back towards the beloved ancients who still constantly, like distant blue mountains, distinct in their outlines and masses, but indiscernible in their parts and internal relations, bound the horizon of my intellectual wishes.

* * *

Always fortunate is that epoch in a literature when the great works of the past again rise up as if thawed, and come into notice, because they then produce a perfectly fresh effect.

* * *

The different literatures, as it seems to me, have seasons, which alternating with each other, as in nature, bring forth certain phenomena, and assert themselves in due order. Hence, I do not believe that any epoch of a literature can be praised or blamed on the whole;

especially it displeases me when certain talents, which are brought out by their time, are praised and vaunted so highly, while others are censured and depreciated. The throat of the nightingale is excited by the spring, but at the same time also that of the cuckoo. The butterflies, which are so agreeable to the eye, and the gnats, which are so painful to the feelings, are called into being by the same heat of the sun.

If this were duly considered, we should not hear the same complaints renewed every ten years, and the vain trouble which is taken to root out this or that offensive thing, would not so often be wasted.

***

True poetry announces itself thus, that, as a worldly gospel, it can by internal cheerfulness and external comfort free us from the earthly burdens which press upon us.

***

I revere the rhythm as well as the rhyme, by which poetry first becomes poetry; but that which is really, deeply, and fundamentally effective — that which is really permanent and furthering, is that which remains of the poet when he is translated into prose. Then remains the pure, perfect substance, of which, when absent, a dazzling exterior often contrives to make a false show, and which, when present, such an exterior contrives to conceal.

I therefore consider prose translations more advantageous than poetical, for the beginning of youthful culture; for it may be remarked that boys, to whom everything must serve as a jest, delight themselves with the

sound of words, and the fall of syllables, and by a sort of parodistical wantonness, destroy the deep contents of the noblest work.

* * *

In poetry a certain faith in the impossible, and in religion a like faith in the inscrutable, must have a place.

* * *

Men may say what they will in favor of a written and oral communication; it is only in a very few cases indeed that it is at all adequate, for it never can convey the true character of any object soever — no, not even of a purely intellectual one. But if one has already enjoyed a sure and steady view of the object, then one may profitably hear or read about it, for then there exists a living impression around which all else may arrange itself in the mind; and then one can think or judge.

* * *

Far nobler joy to soar through thought's dominions
From page to page, from book to book!
Ah! winter nights, so dear to mind and soul!
Warm, blissful life through all the frame is thrilling,
And when thy hands unfold a genuine ancient scroll,
It seems as if all heaven the room were filling.

* * *

There are few biographies which can represent a pure, quiet, steady progress of the individual. Our life, as well as all in which we are contained, is, in an incomprehensible manner composed of freedom and necessity. Our will is a prediction of what we shall do, under all circumstances. But these circumstances lay hold on us

in their own fashion. The *what* lies in us, the *how* seldom depends on us, after the *wherefore* we dare not ask and on this account we are rightly referred to the *quia.*

* * *

If we heard the encyclopædists mentioned, or opened a volume of their monstrous work, we felt as if we were going between the innumerable moving spools and looms in a great factory, where what with the mere creaking and rattling — what with all the mechanism, embarrassing both eyes and noses — what with the mere incomprehensibility of an arrangement, the parts of which work into each other in the most manifold way — what with the contemplation of all that is necessary to prepare a piece of cloth, we feel disgusted with the very coat which we wear upon our backs.

* * *

The wind which blows from the graves of the ancients, comes fragrantly over hills of roses.

* * *

It is not wonderful, but yet it excites wonder, when, in contemplating a literature, especially the German, one observes how a whole nation cannot get free from a subject which has been once given and happily treated in a certain form, but will have it repeated in every manner, until, at last the original itself is covered up, and stifled by the heaps of imitations.

* * *

A leading conviction, which was continually revived within me, was that of the importance of the ancient tongues; since from amidst this literary hurly-burly, thus

much constantly forced itself upon me, that in them were preserved all the models of oratory, and at the same time everything else of worth that the world has ever possessed.

* * *

The first page of Shakespeare's that I read made me his for life; and when I had finished a single play, I stood like one born blind on whom a miraculous hand bestows sight in a moment. I saw, I felt, in the most vivid manner, that my existence was infinitely expanded, everything was now unknown to me, and the unwonted light pained my eyes.

Shakespeare my friend! if thou wert yet amongst us, I could live nowhere but with thee; how gladly would I play the subordinate character of a Pylades if thou wert Orestes; yes, rather than be a venerated high-priest in the temple of Delphos.

* * *

Shakespeare's dramas are a beautiful casket of rarities, in which the history of the world passes before our eyes on the invisible thread of time. His plays all turn upon the hidden point (which no philosopher has yet seen and defined) in which the peculiarity of our *ego*, the pretended freedom of our will, clashes with the necessary course of the *whole*.

* * *

What noble philosophers have said of the world, applies also to Shakespeare; namely, that what we call evil is only the other side, and belongs as necessarily to its existence and to the Whole, as the torrid zone must burn and Lapland freeze, in order that there may

be a temperate region. He leads us through the whole world, but we, enervated, inexperienced men, cry at every strange grasshopper that meets us: "He will devour us!"

* * *

The German, having run wild for nearly two hundred years in an unhappy, tumultuary state, went to school to the French to learn manners, and to the Romans in order to express himself properly.

The first true and really vital material of the higher order came into German poetry through Frederick the Great and the deeds of the Seven Years' War. All national poetry must be shallow or become shallow which does not rest on that which is most universally human — upon the events of nations and their shepherds, when both stand for one man. Kings are to be represented in war and danger, where, by that very means, they appear as the first, because they determine and share the fate of the very least, and thus become much more interesting than the gods themselves, who, when they have once determined the fates, withdraw from all participation in them. In this view of the subject, every nation, if it would be worth anything at all, must possess an epopee, to which the precise form of the epic poem is not necessary.

* * *

You ask if you shall send me books. My dear friend, I beseech you, for the love of God, relieve me from such a yoke. I need no more to be guided, agitated, heated. My heart ferments sufficiently of itself. I want strains to lull me, and I find them to perfection in my Homer.

* * *

"As you require," said he, "of every musical performer, that he shall, in some degree, be able to play from the book; so every actor, every educated man, should train himself to recite from the book, to catch immediately the character of any drama, any poem, any tale he may have been reading, and exhibit it with grace and readiness. No committing of the piece to memory will be of service, if the actor have not in the first place penetrated into the sense and spirit of his author; the mere letter will avail him nothing."

* * *

"Yes!" exclaimed our friend; "I cannot recollect that any book, any man, any incident of my life, has produced such important effects on me, as the precious works, to which by your kindness I have been directed. They seem as if they were performances of some celestial genius, descending among men, to make them, by the mildest instructions, acquainted with themselves. They are no fictions! You would think, while reading them, you stood before the unclosed awful books of fate, while the whirlwind of most impassioned life was howling through the leaves, and tossing them fiercely to and fro."

* * *

In the novel, it is chiefly *sentiments* and *events* that are exhibited; in the drama, it is *characters* and *deeds*. The novel must go slowly forward; and the sentiments of the hero, by some means or another, must restrain the tendency of the whole to unfold itself and to conclude. The drama, on the other hand, must hasten, and the character

of the hero must press forward to the end; it does not restrain but is restrained. The novel-hero must be suffering, at least he must not in a high degree be active; in the dramatic one, we look for activity and deeds. Grandison, Clarissa, Pamela, the Vicar of Wakefield, Tom Jones himself, are, if not suffering, at least retarding personages; and the incidents are all in some sort modeled by their sentiments. In the drama the hero models nothing by himself; all things withstand him, and he clears and casts away the hindrances from off his path, or else sinks under them."

Our friends were also of opinion, that in the novel some degree of scope may be allowed to chance; but that it must always be led and guided by the sentiments of the personages; on the other hand, that fate, which, by means of outward unconnected circumstances, carries forward men, without their own concurrence, to an unforeseen catastrophe, can have place only in the drama; that chance may produce pathetic situations, but never tragic ones; fate, on the other hand, ought always to be terrible; and is in the highest sense tragic, when it brings into a ruinous concatenation the guilty man, and the guiltless that was unconcerned with him.

* * *

All the anticipations I have ever had regarding man and his destiny, which have accompanied me from youth upwards, often unobserved by myself, I find developed and fulfilled in Shakespeare's writings. It seems as if he cleared up every one of our enigmas to us, though we cannot say: Here or there is the word of solution. His men appear like natural men, and yet they are not. These, the most mysterious and complex productions of

creation, here act before us as if they were watches, whose dial-plates and cases were of crystal; which pointed out, according to their use, the course of the hours and minutes; while, at the same time, you could discern the combination of wheels and springs that turned them. The few glances I have cast over Shakespeare's world incite me, more than anything beside, to quicken my footsteps forward into the actual world, to mingle in the flood of destinies that is suspended over it; and at length if I shall prosper, to draw a few cups from the great ocean of true nature, and to distribute them from off the stage among the thirsting people of my native land.

* * *

How finely has Shakespeare painted out such things to us! Fidelity, in this case, is the effort of a noble soul struggling to become equal with one exalted above it. By steadfast attachment and love, the servant is made equal to his lord, who but for this is justified in looking on him as a hired slave. Yes, these virtues belong to the lower class of men alone; that class cannot do without them, and with them it has a beauty of its own. Whoever is enabled to requite all favors easily, will likewise easily be tempted to raise himself above the habit of acknowledgment. Nay, in this sense, I am of opinion, it might almost be maintained, that a great man may possess friends, but cannot be one.

* * *

A young author, who has not yet seen himself in print, will, in such a case, apply no ordinary care to provide a clear and beautiful transcript of his works. It

is like the golden age of authorship; he feels transported into those centuries when the press had not inundated the world with so many useless writings, when none but excellent performances were copied and kept by the noblest men; and he easily admits the illusion, that his own accurately ruled and measured manuscript may itself prove an excellent performance, worthy to be kept and valued by some future critic.

* * *

Besides, secrecy itself has many advantages; for when you tell a man at once and straightforward the purpose of any object, he fancies there is nothing in it. Certain secrets, even if known to every one, men find that they must still reverence by concealment and silence, for this works on modesty and good morals.

* * *

Whoever wishes to keep a secret, must hide from us that he possesses one. Self-complaisance over the concealed destroys its concealment.

* * *

The taste of youth for secrecy, for ceremonies, for imposing words, is extraordinary; and frequently bespeaks a certain depth of character. In those years, we wish to feel our whole nature seized and moved, even though it be but vaguely and darkly. The youth who happens to have lofty aspirations and forecastings, thinks that secrets yield him much, that he must depend much on secrets, and effect much by means of them.

* * *

Genuine love matures in a moment the youth into manhood.

* * *

There is no affection, no habit so strong, that it can hold out in the long run against the animadversions of eminent men in whom one places confidence. Something always cleaves to us, and if one cannot love unconditionally, love is already in a critical condition.

* * *

I went on, with that enigmatic feeling in my heart, with which passion always nourishes itself; for the Child Cupid clings obstinately to the garment of Hope, even when she is preparing with long steps to flee away.

* * *

The relation to that which one loves is so decided, that the surrounding objects have little to do with it, but nevertheless the heart desires that these shall be the suitable, natural, and usual objects.

* * *

Thus one ordinary day followed another, and all seemed to be holidays — the whole calendar should have been printed red. He will understand me who recollects what was predicted by the happily unhappy friend of the "New Heloise." "And sitting at the feet of his beloved, he will break hemp, and he will wish to break hemp to-day, to-morrow, and the day after, nay, for his whole life."

* * *

It is a very pleasant sensation when a new passion begins to stir in us, before the old one is quite extinct. Thus, when the sun is setting, one often likes to see the moon rise on the opposite side, and one takes delight in the double lustre of the two heavenly luminaries.

***

The first love, it is rightly said, is the only one, for in the second, and by the second the highest sense of love is already lost. The conception of the eternal and infinite, which elevates and supports it, is destroyed, and it appears transient like everything else *that recurs.*

***

The every-day life of a family, which is composed of given persons, and is shaped out of necessary circumstances, may easily receive into itself an extraordinary affection, an incipient passion — may receive it into itself as into a vessel; and a long time may elapse before the new ingredient produces a visible effervescence, and runs foaming over the edge.

***

Growing affection troubles itself about no antecedents, and as it spring up like genius with the rapidity of lightning, it know nothing either of past or future.

***

Lovers consider all that they have felt before only as preparation for their present bliss, only as the foundation on which the structure of their future life is to be reared. Past attachments seem like spectres of the night, which glide away before the break of day.

***

Love does not rule, but controls, and that is better.

. . . . . .

Hatred is a partisan, but love is even more so.

***

Not in our season of joy did we choose one another;
Rather the saddest of hours it was that bound us together.

***

How delicious a sensation is the hope of seeing again those we love! And we, when our coddled heart is a little sorrowful, at once bring it medicine and say: "Dear little heart, be quiet, you will not long be away from her you love; be quiet, dear little heart!" Meanwhile we give it a chimera to play with, and then is it good and still as a child to whom the mother gives a doll instead of the apple which it must not eat.

***

The most lovable heart is that which loves the most readily; but that which easily loves also easily forgets.

***

Courage urges us to confront difficulties and dangers, and only by great labor are great joys obtained. That, perhaps, is the worst I have to allege against love. They say it gives courage; never! The heart that loves is weak. When it beats wildly in the bosom and tears fill our eyes, and we sit in an inconceivable rapture as they flow — then, oh! then, we are so weak that flower-chains bind us, not because they have the strength of any magic, but because we tremble lest we break them.

***

Passion is both raised and softened by confession. In nothing, perhaps, were the middle way more desira-

ble than in knowing what to say and what not to say to those we love.

* * *

Lock your hearts as carefully as your doors.

* * *

This love, then, this constancy, this passion, is no poetical fiction. It is actual, and dwells in its greatest purity amongst that class of mankind whom we term rude, uneducated.

* * *

The presence of the beloved one always shortens time.

* * *

Nothing is more touching than the first disclosure of a love which has been nursed in silence, of a faith grown strong in secret, and which at last comes forth in the hour of need, and reveals itself to him who formerly has reckoned it of small account.

* * *

If love be able to bear all things, it is able to do yet more; it can restore all things.

* * *

Of all the pleasant things which imagination pictures to us, perhaps, there is none more charming than when lovers and young married people look forward to enjoying their new relation to each other in a fresh, new world, and test the endurance of the bond between them in so many changing circumstances.

* * *

"Wilhelm! what is the world to our hearts without love? What is a magic lantern without light? You have but to kindle the flame within, and the brightest figures shine on the white wall; and if love only show us fleeting shadows, we are yet happy when, like mere children, we behold them, and are transported with the splendid phantoms.

It is said that the Bonona stone, when placed in the sun, attracts the rays, and, for a time, appears luminous in the dark."

* * *

There can be no doubt that in this world nothing is so indispensable as love.

* * *

Much lively talking led them at length to speak about the earliest period of their acquaintance; the recollection of which forms always one of the most delightful topics between two lovers. The first steps that introduce us to the enchanted garden of love are so full of pleasure, the first prospects so charming, that every one is willing to recall them to his memory. Each party seeks a preference above the other; each has loved sooner, more devotedly; and each, in this contest, would rather be conquered than conquer.

* * *

All that till now had slumbered, in the most secret corners of his soul, at length awoke. He painted for himself a picture of his manifold ideas, in the colors of love, upon a canvas of cloud: the figures of it, indeed,

ran sadly into one another; yet the whole had an air but the more brilliant on that account.

* * *

"Without any prominent passion his love was a still presentiment of sweet wants."

* * *

It must be confessed that travellers upon removing to a distance from the restraints of home are only too apt to think they are stepping not only into an unknown but into a perfectly free world; a delusion which it was the more easy to entertain where there were few hindrances to the freedom of the traveller.

* * *

Fugitives, for the most part, carry their faults and ridiculous peculiarities along with them, and we wonder at this circumstance. But as the English traveller never leaves his teakettle behind in any quarter of the globe, so are the generality of mankind invariably accompanied by their stock of proud pretensions, vanity, intolerance, impatience, obstinacy, prejudices, and envy.

* * *

I had remarked how important it is in travelling to inquire after the course of the waters, and even to ask with respect to the smallest brook, whither in reality it runs. One thus acquires a general survey of every stream-region, in which one happens to be, a conception of the heights and depths which bear relation to one another, and by these leading lines, which assist the contemplation as well as the memory, extricates one's

self, in the surest manner, from the geological and political labyrinth.

* * *

In each land the sun doth visit
We are gay whate'er betide;
To give room for wand'ring is it
That the world was made so wide.

* * *

Alcamor is gloriously situated on a height, at a tolerable distance from an arm of the sea. The magnificence of the country quite enchanted us. Lofty rocks with deep valleys at their feet, but withal wide, open spaces, and great variety. Beyond Mow Reale you look upon a beautiful double valley, in the centre of which a hilly ridge again raises itself. The fruitful fields lie green and quiet, but on the broad roadway the wild bushes and shrubs are brilliant with flowers — the broom one mass of yellow, covered with its pupilionaceous blossoms, and not a single green leaf to be seen; the white-thorn cluster on cluster; the aloes are rising high and promising to flower; a rich tapestry of an amaranthine-red clover, of orchids and the little Alpine roses, hyacinths with unopened bells, asphodels and other wild flowers.

* * *

Between sky and sea, the white flag on the mast, as a talisman, is singular enough. As parting friends greet each other with their white, waving handkerchiefs, and so excite in their bosoms a mutual feeling — which nothing else could call forth — of love and affection divided

for awhile, so here in this simple flag the custom is consecrated.

It is even as if one had fixed a handkerchief upon the mast to proclaim to all the world, "Here comes a friend over the sea."

* * *

The leaning tower of Pisa has a frightful look, and yet it is most probable that it was built so by design. The following seems to me the explanation of this absurdity. In the disturbed times of the city every large edifice was a fortress, and every powerful family had its tower. By and by the possession of such a building became a mark of splendor and distinction, and as, at last, a perpendicular tower was a common and everyday thing, an oblique one was built. Both architect and owner have obtained their object; the multitude of slender, upright towers are just looked at, and all hurry to see the leaning one. The bricks are all arranged horizontally. With clamps and good cement one may build any mad whim.

* * *

I have been standing some time at the door, observing the character and look of the clouds, which are beautiful beyond description. It is not yet night, but at intervals the clouds veil the whole sky and make it quite dark. They rise out of the deep ravines until they reach the highest summits of the mountains; attracted by these they seem to thicken, and being condensed by the cold they fall in the shape of snow.

It gives you an inexpressible feeling of loneliness to find yourself here at this height, as it were in a sort of

well, from which you scarcely can suppose there is even a footpath to get out by, except down the precipice before you.

The clouds which gather here in this valley, at one time completely hiding the immense rocks, and absorbing them in a waste, impenetrable gloom, or at another letting a part of them be seen like huge spectres, give to the people a cast of melancholy. In the midst of such natural phenomena the people are full of presentiments and forebodings. Clouds — a phenomenon remarkable to every man from his youth up — are, in the plain countries, generally looked upon at most as something foreign, something super-terrestrial. People regard them as strangers, as birds of passage, which, hatched under a different climate, visit this or that country for a moment or two in passing — as splendid pieces of tapestry wherewith the gods part off their pomp and splendor from human eyes. But here, where they are hatched, man is enclosed in them from the very first, and the eternal and intrinsic energy of his nature feels itself at every nerve moved to forebode and to indulge in presentiments.

* * *

The line of glittering glaciers was continually drawing the eye back again to the mountains. The sun made his way towards the west, and lighted up their great flat surfaces, which were turned towards us. How beautifully before them rose from above the snow the variegated rows of black rocks — towers — walls! Wild, vast, inaccessible vestibules! and seeming to stand there in the free air in the first purity and freshness of their manifold variety! Man gives up at once all pretensions

to the infinite, while he here feels that neither with thought nor vision is he equal to the finite!

Before us we saw a fruitful and populous plain. The spot on which we were standing was a high, bare mountain rock, which, however, produces a sort of grass as food for the cattle, which are here a great source of gain. This, the conceited lord of creation may yet make his own: but those rocks before his eyes are like a train of holy virgins which the spirit of heaven reserves for itself alone in these inaccessible region.

We tarried awhile, tempting each other in turn to try to discover cities, mountains, and regions, now with the naked eye, now with the telescope, and did not begin to descend till the setting sun gave permission to the mist — his own parting breath — to spread itself over the lake.

Suddenly the summit of a very high peak glowed like molten brass in a furnace, and above it rose a red smoke. This singular phenomenon was the effect of the setting sun which illuminated the snow and the mists which ascended from it.

* * *

It seemed to us as if the sun had, first of all, attracted the light mists which evaporated from the tops of the glaciers, and then a gentle breeze had, as it were, combed the fine vapors, like a fleece of foam over the atmosphere.

Before long the ice-covered mountains from which it rose lay before us; the valley began to close in; the Arve was gushing out of the rocks; we now began to ascend a mountain, and went up higher and higher, with

the snowy summits right before us. Mountains and old pine forests, either in the hollows below or on a level with our track, came out one by one before the eye as we proceeded.

On our left were the mountain-peaks, bare and pointed. We felt that we were approaching a mightier and more massive chain of mountains.

The masses became constantly more imposing, nature seems to have begun here with a light hand, to prepare her enormous creations. The darkness grew deeper and deeper as we approached the valley of Chamouni, and when at last we entered it, nothing but the larger masses were discernible. The stars came out one by one, and we noticed above the peaks of the summits right before us, a light which we could not account for. Clear, but without brilliancy, like the milky way, but closer, something like that of the Pleiades; it riveted our attention until at last, as our position changed, like a pyramid illuminated by a secret light within, which could best be compared to the gleam of a glow-worm, it towered high above the peaks of all the surrounding mountains, and at last convinced us that it was the summit of Mont Blanc. The beauty of this view was extraordinary. For while, together with the stars which clustered round it, it glimmered, not indeed with the same twinkling light, but in a broader and more continuous mass, it seemed to belong to a higher sphere, and one had difficulty in thought to fix its roots again in the earth. Before it we saw a line of snowy summits, sparkling as they rested on the ridges covered with the black pines, while between the dark forests vast glaciers sloped down to the valley below.

* * *

We felt as glad and comfortable to have a roof over our heads, as children do when with stools, table-leaves and carpets, they construct a roof near the stove, and therein say to one another that outside, "it is raining or snowing," in order to excite a pleasant or imaginary shudder in their little souls. It is exactly so with us on this autumnal evening in this strange and unknown regions.

* * *

Were, then, these Switzers free? Free, these opulent burghers in their little pent-up towns — free, those poor devils on their rocks and crags? What is it that man cannot be made to believe, especially when he cherishes in his heart the memory of some old talk of marvel? Once, forsooth, they did break a tyrant's yoke, and might for the moment fancy themselves free; but out of the carcass of the single oppressor, the good sun, by a strange new birth, has hatched a swarm of petty tyrants. And so now they are ever telling that old tale of marvel: one hears it till one is sick of it. They formerly made themselves free, and have ever since remained free! and now they sit behind their walls, hugging themselves with their customs and laws — their philandering and philistering. And these, too, on the rocks, it is surely fine to talk of liberty, when for six months of the year they, like the marmot, are bound hand and foot by the snow!

* * *

When we had reached the summit of the mountain (Rigi) we found ourselves in the clouds, this time doubly disagreeable to us, since they both hindered the pros-

pect and drenched us with mist. But when, here and there, they opened and showed us, framed as it were by their ever-varying outline, a clear, majestic, sun-lit world, with the changing scenes of a diorama, we no longer lamented these accidents; for it was a sight we had never seen before and should never behold again, and we lingered long in this somewhat inconvenient position, to catch, through the chinks and crevices of the ever-shifting masses of cloud, some little point of sunny earth, some little strip of shore, or pretty nook of the lake.

They, the immovable mountains, stand there as quietly as the side-scenes of a theatre; success or failure, joy or sorrow, merely pertain to the persons who for the day successively strut upon the stage.

* * *

Of the beauty of a walk through Rome by moonlight it is impossible to form a conception, without having witnessed it. All single objects are swallowed up by the great masses of light and shade, and nothing but grand and general outlines present themselves to the eye. For three several days we have enjoyed to the full the brightest and most glorious of nights. Peculiarly beautiful at such a time is the Coliseum. At night it is always closed; a hermit dwells in a little shrine within its range, and beggars of all kinds nestle beneath its crumbling arches; the latter had lit a fire on the arena, and a gentle wind bore down the smoke to the ground, so that the lower portion of the ruins was quite hid by it, while above, the vast walls stood out in deeper darkness before the eye. As we stopped at the gate to con-

template the scene through the iron gratings, the moon shone brightly in the heavens above. Presently the smoke found its way up the sides, and through every chink and opening, while the moon lit it up like a cloud. The sight was exceedingly glorious.

In such a light one ought also to see the Pantheon, the Capitol, the Portico of St. Peter's, and the other grand streets and squares; and thus sun and moon, like the human mind, have quite a different work to do here from elsewhere, where the vastest and yet the most elegant of masses present themselves to their rays.

* * *

One can study history here (in Rome) quite differently from what one can in any other spot. In other places, one has, as it were, to read one's self into it from without; here, one fancies that he reads from within outwards.

* * *

Yet these glorious objects are still like new acquaintances to me. One has not yet lived with them, nor got familiar with their peculiarities. Some of them attract us with irresistible power, so that for a time one feels indifferent, if not unjust, towards all others. Thus, for instance, the Pantheon, the Apollo Belvedere, some colossal heads, and very recently the Sistine Chapel, have by turns, so won my whole heart, that I scarcely saw anything besides them. But, in truth, can man, little as man always is, and accustomed to littleness, ever make himself equal to all that here surrounds him of the noble, the vast, and the refined? Even though he should in any degree adapt himself to it, then how

vast is the multitude of objects that immediately press upon him from all sides, and meet him at every turn, of which each demands for itself the tribute of his whole attention.

* * *

In Rome, I believe, is the high school for all the world. Out of Rome, no one can have an idea how one is schooled in Rome. One must, so to speak, be new born, and one looks back on one's earlier notions, as a man does on the little shoes which fitted him when a child. The most ordinary man learns something here, at least he gains one uncommon idea, even though it never should pass into his whole being.

I certainly thought that I had something really to learn here; but that I should have to take so low a place in the school, that I must forget so much that I had learned, or rather absolutely unlearn so much, that I had not the least idea of.

Now, however, that I am once convinced of its necessity, I have devoted myself to the task; and the more I am obliged to renounce my former self, the more delighted I am. I am like an architect who has begun to build a tower, but finds he has laid a bad foundation. He becomes aware of the fact betimes, and willingly goes to work to pull down all that he has raised above the earth; having done so he proceeds to enlarge his ground plan, and now rejoices to anticipate the undoubted stability of his future building.

Heaven grant that, on my return, the moral consequences may be discernible of all that this living in a wider world has effected within me!

. . . . . .

It is only in Rome one can duly prepare one's self for Rome.

. . . . . .

On one's travels one usually rakes together all that he meets on his way; every day brings something new, and one then hastens to think upon and to judge of it. In Rome, however, we come into a very great school indeed, where every day says so much that we cannot venture to say anything of the day itself. Indeed, people would do well if, tarrying here for years together, they observed awhile a Pythagorean silence.

. . . . . .

In the evening we came upon the Coliseum when it was already twilight. When one looks at it, all else seems little; the edifice is so vast that one cannot hold the image of it in one's soul — in memory we think it smaller, and then return to it again to find it every time greater than before.

. . . . . .

One must have seen the Carnival in Rome to get entirely rid of the wish to see it again.

***

I know of nothing more beautiful than to wake before dawn, and between sleeping and waking, to seat one's self in one's car, and travel on to meet the day.

***

Venice can only be compared with itself.

Venice succumbs to time, like everything that has a phenominal existence.

Venice, that grand creation that sprang out of the

bosom of the sea, like Minerva out of the head of Jupiter!

* * *

Let man talk, describe, and paint as he may — to be here is more than all. It is said that people who have once seen a ghost, are never afterwards seen to smile, so it may be said of one, that he never could become perfectly miserable, so long as he remembered Naples.

. . . . . .

Every one is in the streets, or sitting in the sun as long as it shines. The Neapolitan believes himself to be in possession of Paradise, and entertains a very melancholy opinion of our Northern lands. *Sempre neve, caso di legno, gran ignoranza, ma danari assai.* Such is the picture they draw of our condition. Interpreted for the benefit of our German folks, it means — Always snow, wooden houses, great ignorance, but money enough.

* * *

On Sunday we were in Pompeii. Many a calamity has happened in the world, but never one that has caused so much entertainment to posterity as this one. I scarcely know of any thing that is more interesting. The houses are small and close together, but within they are all most exquisitely painted.

The gate of the city is remarkable, with the tombs close to it. The tomb of a priestess, a semicircular bench with a stone back, on which was the inscription cut in large characters. Over the back you have a sight of the sea and the setting sun — a glorious spot, worthy of the beautiful idea.

My companions asserted that without a sight of the sea

it was impossible to live. To me it is quite enough that I have its image in my soul, and so, when the time comes, may safely return to my mountain home.

* * *

Italy without Sicily leaves no image on the soul — here is the key to all.

* * *

I shall yet gather a few more shells from the shore of the great ocean, and so my most urgent needs will have been appeased.

. . . . . .

I sought to free myself internally from all that was foreign to me, to regard the external with love, and to allow all beings from man downwards as low as they were comprehensible, to act upon me, each after its own kind.

Thus arose a wonderful affinity with the single objects of nature, and a hearty concord, a harmony with the whole, so that every change, whether of place and region, or of the times of the day and year, or whatever else could happen, affected me in the deepest manner.

* * *

He was one of those persons whose principal interest in travelling lay in gathering up the strange occurrences which arose from the natural or artificial relations of society, which were produced by the conflict of the restraint of law with the violence of will, of the understanding with the reason, of passion with prejudice.

* * *

A fresh glance into a new land in which we are to abide for a time, has the peculiarity, both pleasant and

foreboding, that the whole lies before us like an unwritten tablet. As yet no sorrows and joys which relate to ourselves are recorded upon it; this cheerful, varied, animated plain is still mute for us; the eye is only fixed upon the objects so far as they are intrinsically important, and neither affection nor passion have especially to render prominent this or that spot. But a presentiment of the future already disquiets the young heart, and an unsatisfied craving secretly demands that which is to come and may come, and which, at all events, whether for good or ill, will imperceptibly assume the character of the spot in which we find ourselves.

* * *

There is, I have heard, a curious contrivance in the service of the English marine. The ropes in use in the royal navy, from the largest to the smallest, are so twisted that a red thread runs through them from end to end, which cannot be extracted without undoing the whole; and by which the smallest pieces may be recognized as belonging to the crown.

* * *

Now at last I have reached the summit, the summit of the mountains, which will place a stronger separation betwixt us than all the tract I had passed over before. To my feeling, one is still in the neighborhood of those he loves, so long as the streams run down from him towards them. To-day I can still fancy to myself that the twig which I cast into the forest-brook, may perhaps float down to her, may in a few days land at her garden; and thus our spirit sends its images more easily, our

heart its sympathies, by the same downward course. But over on the other side, I fear, there rises a wall of division against the imagination and the feelings.

***

The Bible is so full of matter, that, more than any other book, it offers material for reflection and opportunity for meditation on human affairs.

As for myself, I loved and valued it; for almost to it alone did I owe my moral culture, and the events, the doctrines, the symbols, the similes, had all impressed themselves deeply upon me, and had influenced me in one way or another.

***

In anything which is handed down to us, especially in writing, the real point is the ground, the interior, the sense, the tendency of the work; here lies the original, the divine, the effective, the intact, the indestructible; no time, no external operation or condition can in any degree affect this internal, primeval nature, at least no more than the sickness of the body affects a well-cultivated soul. Thus, according to my view, the language, the dialect, the peculiarity, the style, and finally the writing, were to be regarded as the body of every work of mind; this body, although nearly enough akin to the internal, was yet exposed to deterioration and corruption; as, indeed, altogether no tradition can be given quite pure, according to its nature; nor indeed, if one were given pure, could it be perfectly intelligible at every following period — the former, on account of the insufficiency of the organs through which the tradition is passed — the

latter, on account of the difference of time and place — but especially the diversity of human capacities and modes of thought; for which reason the interpreters themselves never agree.

Hence it is everybody's affair to seek for what is internal and peculiar in a book which particularly interests us, and at the same time, above all things, to weigh in what relation it stands to our own inner nature, and how far, by that vitality, our own is excited and rendered fruitful. On the contrary, everything external that is ineffective with respect to ourselves, or is subject to a doubt, is to be consigned over to criticism, which, even if it should be able to dislocate and dismember the whole, would never succeed in depriving us of the only ground to which we hold fast, nor even in perplexing us for a moment with respect to our once formed confidence.

* * *

The combined arts appear to me like a family of sisters, of whom the greater part were inclined to good economy, but one was light-headed, and desirous to appropriate and squander the whole goods and chattels of the household. The theatre is this wasteful sister; it has an ambiguous origin, which, in no case, whether as art or trade or amusement, it can wholly conceal.

* * *

"True art," cried he, "is like good company; it constrains us in the most delightful way to recognize the measure by which, and up to which, our inward nature has been shaped by culture."

* * *

If you are destined for an artist, you cannot long enough retain the dim-sightedness and innocence of which I speak; it is the beautiful hull upon the young bud; woe to us if we are forced too soon to burst it! Surely it were well, if we never knew what the people are, for whom we work and study.

* * *

As all nature's thousand changes
But one changeless God proclaims;
So in art's wide kingdom ranges
One sole meaning still the same:
This is truth, eternal reason,
Which from beauty takes its dress,
And serene through time and season
Stands for aye in loveliness.

* * *

It is with art as with the world: the more we study it the larger we find it. The more we look, the more distant becomes the horizon of art; and he who would step surely must step slowly.

* * *

My old gift of seeing the world with the eyes of that artist whose pictures have most recently made an impression on me, has occasioned me some peculiar reflections. It is evident that the eye forms itself by the objects which, from youth up, it is accustomed to look upon, and so the Venetian artist must see all things in a clearer and brighter light than other men. We, whose eye when out of doors, falls on a dingy soil, which when

not muddy, is dusty,— and which, always colorless, gives a sombre hue to the reflected rays, or at home spend our lives in close, narrow rooms, can never attain to such a cheerful view of nature.

* * *

The highest problem of any art is to produce by appearance the illusion of a higher reality.

* * *

Well-known paintings are like friends which one has made in the distance by means of letters, and which for the first time one sees face to face. To live with them, however, is something quite different; every true relation and false relation becomes immediately evident.

* * *

How much an accurate knowledge of the material employed in the arts must contribute to a right estimate of them, must be obvious to every one.

* * *

It causes us so agreeable a sensation to occupy ourselves with what we can only half do, that no person ought to find fault with the *dilettante*, when he is spending his time over an art which he can never learn; nor blame the artist if he chooses to pass out over the border of his own art, and amuse himself in some neighboring field.

* * *

If it be a bliss to enjoy the good, it is still greater happiness to discern the better; for in art the best only is good enough.

* * *

This confirmed me in my resolution of adhering for the future entirely to nature. She alone is inexhaustible, and capable of forming the greatest masters. Much may be alleged in favor of rules, as much may be likewise advanced in favor of the laws of society; an artist formed upon them will never produce anything absolutely bad or disgusting, as a man who observes the laws and obeys decorum, can never be an absolutely intolerable neighbor, nor a decided villain; but yet say what you will of rules, you destroy the genuine feeling of nature as well as its true expression.

Do not tell me "that this is too hard, that they only restrain and prune superfluous branches, etc." My good friend, I will illustrate this by an analogy. These things resemble love. A warm-hearted youth becomes strongly attached to a maiden, he spends every hour of the day in her company, wears out his health and lavishes his fortune, to afford continual proof that he is wholly devoted to her. Then comes a man of the world, a man of place and respectability, and addresses him thus: — "My good young friend, love is natural, but you must love within bounds. Divide your time, devote a portion to business, and give the hours of recreation to your mistress. Calculate your fortune, and out of the superfluity you may make her a present, only not too often, on her birthday and such occasions."

Pursuing this advice, he may become a useful member of society, and I should advise some prince to give him an appointment; but his love is annihilated, and if he be an artist, his genius is fled. Oh, my friends, why is it that the torrent of genius so seldom bursts forth, so

seldom rolls in full flowing stream, overwhelming your wondering soul? Because, on either side of this stream, cold and respectable persons have taken up their abodes, and forsooth their summer-houses and tulip-beds would suffer from the torrent, wherefore they dig trenches and raise embankments betimes, in order to avert the impending danger.

* * *

So true it is, that the life which presses forth out of a "fine soul" works with the greater freedom the less it appears to be drawn by criticism into the department of art.

* * *

I have been struck by an observation of the young architect.

"In the case of the creative artist, as in that of the artisan, it is clear that man is least permitted to appropriate to himself what is most entirely his own. His works forsake him as the birds forsake the nest in which they were hatched.

The fate of the Architect is the strangest of all in this way. How often he expends his whole soul, his whole heart and passion, to produce buildings into which he himself may never enter.

The halls of kings may indeed owe their magnificence to him; but he has no enjoyment of them in their splendor. In the temple he draws a partition line between himself and the Holy of Holies; he may never more set his foot upon the steps which he has laid down for the heart-thrilling ceremonial; as the goldsmith may only adore from far off the *monstrance* whose enamel and whose jewels he has himself set together. The builder

surrenders to the rich man, with the key of his palace, all pleasure and all right there, and never shares with him in the enjoyment of it.

And must not art in this way, step by step, draw off from the artist, when the work, like a child who is provided for, has no more to fall back upon its father? And what a power there must be in art itself, for its own self-advancing, when it has been obliged to shape itself almost solely out of what was open to all, out of what was the property of every one, therefore also of the artist."

* * *

In my opinion the noblest of our sentiments is the hope of continuing to live, even when destiny seems to have carried us back into the common lot of non-existence. This life is much too short for our souls; the proof is that every man, the lowest as well as the highest, the most incapable as well as the most meritorious, will be tired of anything sooner than of life, and that no one reaches the goal towards which he set out; for however long a man may be prosperous in his career, still at last, and often when in sight of the hoped-for object, he falls into a grave, which God knows who dug for him, and is reckoned as nothing.

Reckoned as nothing? I? who am everything to myself, since I know things only through myself! So cries every one who is truly conscious of himself; and makes great strides through this life — a preparation for the unending course above. Each, it is true, according to his measure. If one sets out with the sturdiest walking pace, the other wears seven-leagued boots and outstrips him; two steps of the latter are equal to a day's journey of the former.

Be it as it may with him of the seven-leagued boots, this diligent traveller remains our friend and companion, while we are amazed at the gigantic strides of the other and admire them, follow his footsteps and measure them with our own. To watch a solitary march like this enlarges and animates our souls more than to stare at the thousand footsteps of a royal procession.

* * *

The marionette fable of Faust murmured with many voices in my soul. I too had wandered into every department of knowledge, and had returned early enough satisfied with the vanity of science. And life, too, I had tried under various aspects, and always came back sorrowing and unsatisfied.

* * *

The instructive part of many moral communications, is that a man may learn how it has gone with others, and what he also has to expect from life; and that whatever comes to pass, he may consider that it happens to him as a man, and not as one specially fortunate or unfortunate. If such knowledge is of little use for avoiding evils, it is very serviceable so far as it qualifies us to understand our condition, and bear or even to overcome it.

* * *

From life I experienced many disagreeable trifles, as indeed one must always pay the entrance-fee when one changes one's place and comes into a new position.

* * *

Everything which is properly *business* we must keep carefully separate from *life*. Business requires earnestness and method; life must have a freer handling. If

you are firm in the first, you can afford yourself more liberty in the second; while if you mix them, you will find the free interfering very much with and breaking in upon the fixed.

* * *

Deal with Life no longer by halves, but work it out in its totality, beauty and goodness.

* * *

"I am too old to live for folly,
Too young to wish for nothing new."

* * *

Enter with gratitude into the joys that fate shall prepare thee;
Love those purely who love thee; be grateful to them who show kindness.
Blessings attend thy life; but value existence no higher
Than thine other possessions, and all possessions are cheating!

* * *

When one is on the eve of a departure, every earlier separation, and also that last one of all which is yet to be, comes involuntarily into one's thoughts; and so, on this occasion, the reflection enforces itself on my mind more strongly than ever, that man is always making far too great and too many preparations for life.

* * *

Life resembles the Sybilline Books; it becomes dearer the less there remains of it.

* * *

All comfort in life is based upon a regular recurrence of external things. The change of day and night — of

the seasons, of flowers and fruits, and whatever else meets us from epoch to epoch, so that we can and should enjoy it — these are the proper springs of earthly life. The more open we are to these enjoyments, the happier do we feel ourselves; but if the changes in these phenomena roll up and down before us without our taking interest in them, if we are insensible to such beautiful offers, then comes on the greatest evil, the heaviest disease — we regard life as a disgusting burden.

* * *

When once you trust yourself, you know the art of living.

* * *

Real life frequently loses its brilliancy to such a degree, that one is many a time forced to polish it up again with the varnish of fiction.

* * *

Plunge into human life's full sea of passion.
Each lives it, few its meaning ever guessed,
Touch where you will, 'tis full of interest.
Bright shadows fleeting o'er a mirror,
A spark of truth, and clouds of error,
By means like these a drink is brewed
To cheer and edify the multitude.

* * *

In truth the web of life is of a mingled yarn.

* * *

While life is sweeping us forwards, we fancy that we are acting out our own impulses; we believe that we choose ourselves what we will do, and what we will en-

joy. But in fact, if we look at it closely, our actions are no more than the plans and the desires of the time, which we are compelled to carry out.

* * *

He only deserves freedom and life who is daily compelled to conquer them for himself.

. . . . . .

First of all, conquer yourself.

To see the difficult easily handled, gives us the feeling of the impossible.

. . . . . .

Difficulties increase the nearer we are to the end.

. . . . . .

Sowing is not so difficult as reaping.

* * *

A life without love, without the presence of the beloved, is but a poor *comédie à tiroir*. We draw out slide after slide, swiftly tiring of each, and pushing it back to make haste to the next. Even what we know to be good and important, hangs but wearily together; every step is an end, and every step is a fresh beginning.

* * *

Is life to be calculated only by its gains and losses? who has not made arrangement on arrangement, and has not seen them broken in pieces? How often does not man strike into a road and lose it again! How often are we not turned aside from one point which we had sharply before our eye, but only to reach some higher stage! The traveller, to his greatest annoyance, breaks a wheel upon his journey, and through this unpleasant

accident makes some charming acquaintance, and forms some new connection, which has an influence on all his life. Destiny grants us our wishes, but in its own way, in order to give us something beyond our wishes.

* * *

Assuredly we spend far too much labor and outlay in preparation for life. Instead of beginning at once to make ourselves happy in a moderate condition, we spread ourselves out wider and wider, only to make ourselves more and more uncomfortable.

* * *

Even with large means, we are ever but half and half at home, especially in the country, where we miss many things to which we have become accustomed in town. The book for which we are most anxious is not to be had, and just the thing which we most wanted is forgotten. We take to being domestic, only again to go out of ourselves; if we do not go astray of our own will and caprice, circumstances, passions, accidents, necessity, and one does not know what besides, manage it for us.

* * *

I think I am now in the right way. I look upon myself steadily as a traveller, who renounces many things in order to enjoy more. I am accustomed to change; it has become, indeed, a necessity to me; just as in the opera, people are always looking out for new and new decorations, because there have already been so many. I know very well what I am to expect from the best hotels, and what from the worst. It may be as good or it may be as bad as it will, but I nowhere find anything

to which I am accustomed, and in the end it comes to much the same thing whether we depend for our enjoyment entirely on the regular order of custom, or entirely on the caprices of accident. I have never to vex myself now, because this thing is mislaid, or that thing is lost; because the room in which I live is uninhabitable, and I must have it repaired; because somebody has broken my favorite cup, and for a long time nothing tastes well out of any other other. All this I am happily raised above. If the house catches fire about my ears, my people quietly pack my things up, and we pass away out of the town in search of other quarters. And considering all these advantages, when I reckon carefully, I calculate that, by the end of the year, I have not sacrificed more than it would have cost me to be at home.

. . . . . .

— learning to fling away everything that he might have nothing to lose.

* * *

I do not think it right to describe every distinguished man as if one wanted to furnish materials for advertising a runaway.

To me it always seems like a trick, a piece of espionage, to attempt to analyze a man into his elements before his face, and so to get upon the track of his hidden moral peculiarities.

* * *

One ought not to be picking and pulling, or forever introducing new elements among the conditions of our life.

* * *

Every day I observe more and more the folly of judging of others by ourselves; and I have so much trouble

with myself, and my own heart is in such constant agitation, that I am well content to let others pursue their own course, if they only allow me the same privilege.

* * *

Do not believe that I am indifferent to the great ideas — Freedom, Fatherland and People. No; these ideas are in us; they form a portion of our life which no one can cast off.

* * *

Indeed, my life has lately taken in some ballast, which gives it the necessary gravity. I do not now frighten myself with the spectres which used so often to play before my eyes.

* * *

Under the weight of such a stroke, old habits and fancies come out again to assist to kill the time and fill up the chasms of life.

* * *

That the life of man is but a dream is the opinion of many, and this feeling pursues me everywhere. When I consider the narrow limits within which our active and inquiring faculties are confined — when I see how all our energies are wasted in providing for mere necessities, which again have no further end than to prolong a wretched existence — and then that all our satisfaction upon certain subjects of investigation ends in nothing better than a passive resignation, whilst we amuse ourselves with painting our prison-walls in divers ways with bright figures and brilliant landscapes — when I consider all this, I am silent. I examine my own being, and find there a world, but a world rather of imagina-

tion and dim desires, than of distinctness and living power. Then everything swims before my senses; I smile and dream my way back into existence.

All learned professors and doctors are agreed, that children do not comprehend the cause of their desires; but that grown people should wander about this earth like children, without knowing whence they come or whither they go, influenced as little by fixed motives, but guided like them by biscuits, sugar-plums, and chastisements — this is what nobody is willing to acknowledge, and yet I think it can be made palpable.

I know what you will say in reply, and I am ready to admit, that the happiest are those who, like children, amuse themselves with their playthings, dress and undress their doll, and attentively watch the cupboard where mamma has locked her sweet things, and when at last they get a delicious morsel, eat it greedily and cry for more. These are certainly happy beings; but others also are objects of envy, who dignify their paltry employments, and sometimes even their passions, with pompous titles, representing them to mankind as achievements of superior order, accomplished for their welfare and glory. But the man who humbly acknowledges the vanity of all this, who observes with what pleasure the thriving citizen converts his little garden into a paradise, and how patiently even the poor man pursues his weary way under his burden, and how all wish equally to behold the light of the sun a little longer; yes, such a man is at peace, and creates his own world within himself. However limited his sphere, he still preserves in his bosom the sweet feeling of liberty, and knows that when he will he can burst his prison.

* * *

A young man soon perceives in others if not in himself, that moral epochs change as well as the seasons of the year. The graciousness of the great, the favor of the strong, the encouragement of the active, the attachment of the multitude, the love of individuals, — all this changes up and down, and we can no more hold it fast than the sun, moon, and stars. And yet these things are not mere natural events; they escape us either by our own or by another's fault; but change they do, and we are never sure of them.

* * *

We cannot now prevent this moment from forming an epoch in our lives; but it depends on us to bear ourselves in a manner which shall be worthy of us.

* * *

Whatever frees the intellect without, at the same time, giving us command over ourselves, is pernicious.

* * *

It was maintained that the path was opened, forgetting that in earthly things a path can very rarely be spoken of, for, as the water that is dislodged by a ship, instantly flows in again behind it, so by the law of its nature, when eminent spirits have once driven error aside, and made a place for themselves, it very quickly closes upon them again.

* * *

It is a source of mingled feelings of pleasure and regret to know that people are sorry to part with you.

***

The year dies away, the wind sweeps over the stubble, and there is nothing left to stir under its touch. But the red berries on yonder tall tree seem as if they would still remind us of brighter things; and the stroke of the thresher's flail awakes the thought how much of nourishment and life lies buried in the sickled ear.

***

Now, however, — as generally happens with the wilfulness of glad and peaceful times,— we could not easily do anything in the direct way, but, like genuine children, sought to make a jest even out of what was necessary.

***

In this life one is seldom reduced to make a selection between two alternatives. There are as many varieties of conduct and opinion as there are turns of feature between an aquiline nose and a flat one.

***

Our moral impressions invariably prove strongest in those moments when we are most driven back upon ourselves.

***

"Every beginning is hard; but most the beginning a household.
Many are human wants, and everything daily grows dearer!"

***

Emigration takes place in the treacherous hope of an improvement in our circumstances; and it is too often

counterbalanced by subsequent emigration; since, go where you may, you still find yourself in a conditional world, and if not constrained to a new emigration, are yet inclined in secret to cherish such a desire.

* * *

In general, our mountain life has something more humane in it than the life of lowlanders. The inhabitants here are nearer, and, if you will, more remote also. Our wants are smaller, but more pressing. Each man is placed more on his own footing; he must learn to depend on his own hands, on his own limbs. The laborer, the poet, the porter, all unite in one person; each of us is more connected with the other, meets him oftener, and lives with him in joint activity.

* * *

Nothing that surrounded him could he lay hold of or let go; all things reminded him of all; the whole ring of his existence lay before him; but it was broken into fragments, and seemed as if it would never unite again.

* * *

It is right that a man, when he first enters upon life, should think highly of himself, should determine to attain many eminent distinctions, should endeavor to make all things possible; but when his education has proceeded to a certain pitch, it is advantageous for him that he learn to lose himself among a mass of men, that he learn to live for the sake of others, and to forget himself in an activity prescribed by duty. It is then that he first becomes acquainted with himself; for it is conduct alone that compares us with others.

***

"Decided inclination, early opportunity, external impulse, and continued occupation in a useful business," said she, "make many things which were at first far harder, possible in life."

***

He alone is worthy of respect, who knows what is of use to himself and others, and who labors to control his self-will. Each man has his own fortune in his hands; as the artist has a piece of rude matter, which he is to fashion to a certain shape. But the art of living rightly is like all arts: the capacity alone is born with us; it must be learned, and practiced with incessant care.

***

For certain equable, continuous modes of life, there is nothing more than judgment necessary, and we study to attain nothing more; so we become unable to discern what extraordinay services each vulgar day requires of us; or if we do discern them, we find abundance of excuses for not doing them. A judicious man is valuable to himself; but of little value for the general whole.

***

It is painful to be always seeking; but far more painful to have found, and to be forced to leave. What now shall I ask for farther in the world? What now shall I look for farther? Is there a country, a city that contains a treasure such as this? And I must travel on, and ever find inferiority? Is life, then, like a race-course, where a man must rapidly return, when he has

reached the utmost end? Does the good, the excellent stand before us like a firm unmoving goal, from which with fleet horses we are forced away, the instant we appeared to have attained it? Happier are they who strive for earthly wares? They find what they are seeking in its proper climate, or they buy it in the fair.

***

Of ill-wishers there are many, of ill-doers not few; and to live fitly, well-doing will not always suffice.

***

It is the property of crime to extend its mischief over innocence, as it is of virtue to extend its blessings over many that deserve them not; while frequently the author of the one or of the other is not punished or rewarded at all.

***

The man that discerns, with lively clearness, what infinite operations art and nature must have joined in, before a cultivated human being can be formed; the man that himself as much as possible takes interest in the culture of his fellow-men, is ready to despair when he sees how lightly mortals will destroy themselves, will blamelessly or blamably expose themselves to be destroyed. When I think of these things, life itself appears to me so uncertain a gift, that I could praise the man who does not value it beyond its worth.

***

We were forced to resign ourselves, if not forever, at least for a long season. The first thing that occurs to a stout-hearted man, under such circumstances, is to

begin a new life. New objects will not suffice him; these serve only for diversion of thought; he requires a new whole, and plants himself in the middle of it.

* * *

In every new department, one must, in the first place, begin again as a child; throw a passionate interest over the subject; take pleasure in the shell, till one has the happiness to arrive at the kernel.

* * *

"Early a woman should learn to serve, for that is her calling;
Since through service alone she finally comes to the headship,
Comes to the due command that is hers of right in the household.
Life must be always with her a perpetual coming and going,
Or be a fetching and carrying, making and doing for others.
Happy for her be she wonted to think no way is too grievous,
And if the hours of the night be to her as the hours of the daytime;
If she find never a needle too fine, nor a labor too trifling;
Wholly forgetful of self, and caring to live but in others!
Twenty men bound into one were not able to bear such a burden;
Nor is it meant that they should, yet should they with gratitude view it."

* * *

Men think most of the present — the immediate; and rightly, their calling being to do and to work. Women, on the other hand, more of how things hang together in life; and rightly too, because their destiny — the destiny of their families — is bound up in this interdependence, and it is exactly this which it is their mission to promote.

* * *

Men will always be hasty, their thoughts to extremes ever running:
Easily out of their course the hasty are turned by a hindrance.
Whereas a women is clever in thinking of means, and will venture
E'en on a roundabout way, adroitly to compass her object.

* * *

"What men possess naturally, women have to acquire, and property attained by a laborious struggle will always be more obstinately held than that which is inherited."

"But women, I think, have no reason to complain on that score. As the world goes, they inherit as much as men, if not more, and in my opinion it is a much more difficult task to become a perfect man than a perfect woman. The phrase 'He shall be thy master,' is a formula characteristic of a barbarous age long since passed away. Men cannot claim a right to become educated and refined without conceding the same privilege to women. As long as the process continues, the balance is even between them; but as women are more

capable of improvement than men, experience shows that the scale soon turns in their favor."

"There is no doubt that in all civilized nations women in general are superior to men, for where the two sexes exert a corresponding influence over each other, man becomes effeminate, and that is a disadvantage, but when a woman acquires any masculine virtue, she is the gainer, for if she can improve her own peculiar qualities by the addition of masculine energy, she becomes an almost perfect being."

* * *

A heart which seeks, feels well that it wants something; a heart which has lost, feels that something is gone — its yearning and longing changes into uneasy impatience — and a woman's spirit, which is accustomed to waiting and to enduring, must now pass out from its proper sphere; become active, and attempt and do something to make its own happiness.

* * *

Intercourse with women is the element of good manners.

* * *

There is in all women a peculiar circle of inward interests, which remain always the same, and from which nothing in the world can divorce them. In outward, social intercourse, on the other hand, they will gladly and easily allow themselves to take their tone from the person with whom at the moment they are occupied; and thus by a mixture of impassiveness and susceptability, by persisting and by yielding, they continue to keep the government to themselves, and no man in the cultivated world can ever take it from them.

* * *

"The women in our house," said he, "are satisfied and happy; we are never short of money. One half of their time they spend in dressing; the other in showing themselves when dressed. They are as domestic as a reasonable man can desire."

* * *

"Women should go about in every sort of variety of dress; each following her own style and her own likings, that each may learn to feel what sits well upon her and becomes her. And for a more weighty reason as well — because it is appointed for them to stand alone all their lives, and work alone.

"Observe a young lady as a lover, as a bride, as a housewife, as a mother. She always stands isolated. She is always alone and will be alone. Even the most empty-headed woman is in the same case. Each one of them excludes all others. It is her nature to do so; because of each one of them is required everything which the entire sex have to do. With a man it is altogether different. He would make a second man if there were none. But a woman might live to an eternity, without even so much as thinking of producing a duplicate of herself.

* * *

"You women are invincible in this way. You are so sensible, that there is no answering you, then so affectionate, that one is glad to give way to you; full of feelings which one cannot wound, and full of forebodings, which terrify one."

"I am not superstitious," she said; "and I care noth-

ing for these dim sensations, merely as such; but in general they are the result of unconscious recollections of happy or unhappy consequences, which we have experienced as following on our own or others' actions. Nothing is of greater moment, in any state of things, than the intervention of a third person. I have seen friends, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, whose relations to each other, through the introduction of a third person, has been altogether changed — whose whole moral condition has been inverted by it."

* * *

"It is very strange," cried he, "that men are blamed for their proceeding here: they have placed woman on the highest station she is capable of occupying. And where is there any station higher than the ordering of a house? While the husband has to vex himself with outward matters while he has wealth to gather and secure, while perhaps he takes part in the administration of the State, and everywhere depends on circumstances; ruling nothing, I may say, while he conceives that he is ruling much; compelled to be but politic where he would willingly be reasonable, to dissemble where he would be open, to be false where he would be upright; while thus, for the sake of an object which he never reaches, he must every moment sacrifice the first of objects, harmony with himself, — a reasonable housewife is actually governing in the interior of her family; has the comfort and activity of every person in it to provide for, and make possible. What is the highest happiness of mortals, if not to execute what we consider right and good; to be really masters of the means conducive to our aims? And where should or can our nearest aims be, but in the interior of

our home? All those indispensable, and still to be renewed supplies, where do we expect, do we require to find them, if not in the place where we rise and where we go to sleep, where kitchen and cellar, and every species of accommodation for ourselves and ours is to be always ready? What unvarying activity is needed to conduct this constantly recurring series in unbroken living order! How few are the men, to whom it is given to return regularly like a star, to command their day as they command their night; to form for themselves their household instruments, to sow and to reap, to gain and to expend, and to travel round their circle with perpetual success and peace and love! It is when a woman has attained this inward mastery, that she truly makes the husband whom she loves a master; her attention will acquire all sorts of knowledge; her activity will turn them all to profit. Thus is she dependent upon no one; and she procures her husband genuine independence, that which is interior and domestic; whatever he possesses, he beholds secured; what he earns, well employed; and thus he can direct his mind to lofty objects, and if fortune favors, he may act in the State the same character which so well becomes his wife at home."

* * *

A thousand times have I heard the complaint that the objects for a knowledge of which we are originally indebted to description, invariably disappoint us when we see them with our own eyes. The cause is, in every case, the same. Imagination and reality stand in the same relation to each other that poetry and prose do; the former conceives of its object as powerful and elevated, the latter loves to dilate and expand them.

* * *

Writing is an abuse of language, reading silently to one's self is a pitiful substitute for speech.

* * *

Studies must not only be pursued with seriousness and diligence, but also with cheerfulness and freedom of mind.

* * *

Medical students are, as is well known, the only students who zealously converse about their science and profession out of the hours of study. This lies in the nature of the case. The objects of their endeavors are the most obvious to the senses, and at the same time the highest, the most simple and the most complicated. Medicine employs the whole man, for it occupies itself with the whole man. All that the young man learns refers directly to an important, dangerous indeed, but yet in many respects lucrative practice. He therefore devotes himself passionately to whatever is to be known and to be done, partly because it is interesting in itself, partly because it opens to him the joyous prospect of independence and wealth.

* * *

What at first furnishes a hearty enjoyment, when we take it superficially only, often weighs on us afterwards most oppressively, when we see that without solid knowledge the true delight must be missed.

* * *

Anything can be maintained when one permits one's self to use words altogether vaguely, and to employ and

apply them in a sense now wider, now narrower, now closer, now more remote.

* * *

Long evenings and universal stillness are the elements in which writing thrives merrily.

* * *

The other natural studies which I had begun, I endeavored to continue, and as one always has time enough, if one will apply it well, so amongst them all I succeeded in doing twice or thrice as much as usual.

* * *

In times of peace there is no more interesting reading for the multitude than the public papers, which furnish early information of the latest doings in the world. The quiet opulent citizen exercises thus in an innocent way a party spirit, which in our finite nature we neither can nor should get rid of. Every comfortable person thus gets up a factitious interest, like that which is often felt in a bet, experiences an unreal gain or loss, and as in the theatre, feels a very lively, though imaginary sympathy in the good or evil fortune of others. This sympathy seems often arbitrary, but it rests on moral grounds. For now we give to praiseworthy designs the applause they deserve ; and now again, carried away by brilliant successes, we turn to those whose plans we should otherwise have blamed.

* * *

Countless stars are blinking
In the waters here,
On the mountains drinking
Clouds of mist appear ;

Round the cool bay flying
Morning breezes wake,
Ripened fruits are lying
Mirror'd in the lake.

* * *

The sky, so infinitely fine and clear, looked down nobly and innocently upon mummeries.

* * *

There is not a moment but preys upon you, and upon all around you — not a moment in which you do not yourself become a destroyer. The most innocent walk deprives of life thousands of poor insects; one step destroys the fabric of the industrious ant, and converts a little world into chaos. Great and rare calamities of the world, floods which sweep away whole villages, earthquakes which swallow up our towns, do not affect me. My heart is wasted by the thought of that destructive power which lies concealed in every part of universal nature. Nature has formed nothing that does not consume itself, and every object near it; so that, surrounded by earth and air, and all the active powers, I wander on my way with aching heart, and the universe is to me a fearful monster, forever devouring its own offspring.

* * *

Spring's warm look has unfettered the fountains,
Brooks go tinkling with silvery feet;
Hope's bright blossoms the valley greet;
Weakly and sickly up the rough mountains,
Pale old Winter has made his retreat.
Thence he launches, in sheer despite
Sleet and hail in impotent showers,
O'er the green lawn as he takes his flight.

***

With the things of nature it is as with those of art; much as is written about them, every one who sees them forms them into new combinations for himself.

***

What awaited me was certainly well worth all the trouble of climbing up these mountain heights, of wandering through these valleys, and seeing this blue sky — of discovering that there is a nature which exists by an eternal, voiceless necessity, which has no wants, no feelings, and is divine, whilst we, whether in the country or in the towns, have alike to toil hard to gain a miserable subsistence, and at the same time struggle to subject everything to our lawless caprice, and call it liberty!

***

As no man, not even the most ordinary character, was ever a witness, even for once, of great and unusual events, without their leaving behind in his soul some traces or other, and making him feel himself also to be greater for this one little shred of grandeur, so that he is never weary of telling the whole tale of it over again, and has gained at any rate a little treasure for his whole life; just so is it with the man who has seen and become familiar with the grand phenomena of nature. He who manages to preserve these impressions and to combine them with other thoughts and emotions, has a treasury of sweets wherewith to season the most tasteless parts of life, to give a pervading relish to the whole of existence.

***

One fact I think I have everywhere observed; the farther one moves from the highroad and the busy marts of

men; the more people are shut in by the mountains, isolated and confined to the simplest wants of life; the more they draw their maintenance from simple, humble and unchangeable pursuits; so much the better, the more obliging, the more friendly, unselfish and hospitable are they.

* * *

The book of Nature is after all the only one which has in every page important meanings.

* * *

New draughts of strength and youthful blood,
From this free world I've pressed;
Here nature is so mild, so good —
Who clasps me to her breast.
The billows rock our little boat,
The oars in measure beat,
The hills while clouds around them float
Approach our barque to meet.

* * *

Plants and flowers of the commonest kind may form a charming diary for us, because nothing that calls back the remembrance of a happy moment can be insignificant.

* * *

Nature works after such eternal, necessary, divine laws, that the Deity himself could alter nothing in them.

* * *

The natural sciences are so human, so true, that I wish every one luck who occupies himself with them.

They teach us that the greatest, the most mysterious, and the most magical phenomena, take place openly, orderly, simply, unmagically; they must finally quench the thirst of poor, ignorant man for the dark Extraordinary, by showing him that the Extraordinary lies so near, so clear, so familiar, and so determinately true.

I daily beg my good genius to keep me from all other observation and learning, and guide me always on the calm, definite path which the student of Nature has to tread.

***

From the mountains to the champaign,
By the glens and hills along,
Comes a rustling and a tramping,
Comes a motion as of song:
And this undetermined roving
Brings delight, and brings good heed;
And thy striving, be't with loving
And thy living, be't in deed.

***

He who has never seen himself surrounded on all sides by the sea, can never possess an idea of the world, and of his own relation to it.

***

How legible the book of Nature becomes to me I cannot express to thee; my long lessons in spelling it out have helped me and now my quiet joy is inexpressible. Much as I find that is new, I find nothing unexpected; everything fits in, because I have no system and desire nothing but the pure truth.

***

I am very happy here. Solitude in this terrestrial paradise is a genial balsam to my mind, and the young spring cheers with its bounteous promises my oftentimes misgiving heart. Every tree, every bush, is full of flowers, and one might wish himself transformed into a butterfly, to float about in this ocean of perfume and find his whole existence therein.

***

I leave behind me field and meadow
Veiled in the dusk of holy night,
Whose ominous and awful shadow
Awakes the better soul to light.
To sleep are lulled the wild desires,
The hand of passion lies at rest;
The love of man the bosom fires,
The love of God stirs up the breast.

***

A wonderful serenity has taken possession of my entire soul, like these sweet mornings of spring which I enjoy with my whole heart. I am alone, and feel the charm of existence in this spot, which was created for the bliss of souls like mine. I am so happy, my dear friend, so absorbed in the exquisite sense of mere tranquil existence, that I neglect my talents. I should be incapable of drawing a single stroke at the present moment, and yet I feel that I never was a greater artist than now.

When the lovely valley teems with vapor around me, and the meridian sun strikes the upper surface of the

impenetrable foliage of my trees, and but a few stray gleams steal into the inner sanctuary, then I throw myself down in the tall grass by the trickling stream, and as I lie close to the earth, a thousand unknown plants discovered themselves to me. When I hear the buzz of the little world among the stalks, and grow familiar with the countless indescribable forms of the insects and flies, then I feel the presence of the Almighty, who formed us in His own image, and the breath of that universal love which bears and sustains us, as it floats around us in an eternity of bliss; and then, my friend, when darkness overspreads my eyes, and heaven and earth seem to dwell in my soul, and absorb its power, like the idea of a beloved mistress, then I often long and think: Oh! that you could describe these conceptions, that you could impress upon paper all that lives so full and warm within you, that it might be the mirror of your soul, as your soul is the mirror of the infinite God! O, my friend — but it is too much for my strength — I sink under the weight of the grandeur of these visions.

***

So, then, once more the old story of the year is being repeated. We are come now, thank God, again to its most charming chapter. The violets and the May-flowers are as its superscriptions and its vignettes. It always makes a pleasant impression on us when we open again at these pages in the book of life.

***

When standing upon an eminence which presents a wide, extended view, I have thought how pure and

peaceful is the look of Holy Nature, and the impression comes upon me, that the world beneath must be free from strife and care; but returning to the dwellings of men, be they cottage or palace, be they wide or circumscribed, we find that there is in truth ever something to subdue, to struggle with, to quiet and allay.

***

O full, round Moon, didst thou but shine
For the last time on this woe of mine!
Thou whom so many a midnight I
Have watched, at this desk, come up the sky:
O'er books and papers, a dreary pile,
Then, mournful friend! uprose thy smile!
Oh that I might on the mountain-height
Walk in the noon of thy blessed light,
Round mountain-caverns with spirits hover,
Float in thy gleamings the meadows over,
And freed from the fumes of a lore-crammed brain,
Bathe in thy dew and be well again!

***

We are able to tolerate the winter. We fancy that we can extend ourselves more freely when the trees are so spectral, so transparent. They are nothing, but they conceal nothing; but when once the germs and buds begin to show, then we become impatient for the full foliage to come out, for the landscape to put on its body, and the tree to stand before us as a form.

***

How does the winter's advancing day
Softly illumine the lake! The night has cast
The glittering frost, like stars, upon it.

***

We first observe how dreary and disagreeable an over clouded day is, when a single sunbeam pierces through, and offers to us the exhilarating splendor of a serene hour.

***

What is it that keeps men in continual discontent and agitation? It is, that they cannot make realities correspond with their conceptions, that enjoyment steals away from among their hands, that the wished-for comes too late, and nothing reached and acquired produces on the heart the effect which their longing for it at a distance led them to anticipate. Now fate has exalted the poet above all this, as if he were a god. He views the conflicting tumult of the passions; sees families and kingdoms raging in aimless commotion; sees those inexplicable enigmas of misunderstanding, which frequently a single monosyllable would suffice to explain, occasioning convulsions unutterably baleful. He has a fellow-feeling of the mournful and the joyful in the fate of all human beings. When the man of the world is devoting his days to wasting melancholy, for some deep disappointment; or, in the ebullience of joy, is going out to meet his happy destiny, the lightly-moved and all-conceiving spirit of the poet steps forth, like the sun from night to day, and with soft transitions tunes his heart to joy or woe. From his heart, his native soil, springs up the lovely flower of wisdom; and if others, while waking, dream, and are pained with fantastic delusions from their every sense, he passes the dream of life like one awake, and the strangest of incidents is to him but a

part both of the past and of the future. And thus the poet is at once a teacher, a prophet, a friend of gods and men.

* * *

One alters so much what one has heard from others in repeating it, only because one has not understood it.

* * *

Even the prudent and the good have, before now, hesitated to explain their mutual differences, and have dwelt in silence upon their imaginary grievances until circumstances have become so entangled, that in that critical juncture,when a calm explanation would have saved all parties, an understanding was impossible. And thus if domestic confidence had been earlier established between them, if love and kind forbearance had mutually animated and expanded their hearts, it might not, perhaps, even yet have been too late to save them.

* * *

Misunderstandings and neglect occasion more mischief in the world than even malice and wickedness.

* * *

Nothing puts me so completely out of patience as the utterance of a wretched commonplace, when I am talking from my inmost heart.

* * *

"Had I not," he would often say, "from youth, withstood myself, and striven to form my judgment upon wide and general principles, I had been the narrowest and most intolerable person living. For nothing can

be more intolerable than circumscribed peculiarity, in one from whom a pure and suitable activity might be required."

* * *

We cannot always shun the things we blame; in spite of us, our feelings and our actions sometimes strangely swerve from their natural and right direction; yet there are certain duties which we should never lose sight of.

* * *

To my mind, he who does not help us at the needful moment, never helps; he who does not counsel at the needful moment, never counsels. I also reckon it essential that we lay down and continually impress on children certain laws, to operate as a kind of hold in life. Nay, I could almost venture to assert that it is better to be wrong by rule, than to be wrong with nothing but the fitful caprices of our dispositions to impel us hither and thither: and in my way of viewing men, there always seems to be a void in their nature, which cannot be filled up, except by some decisive and distinctly settled law.

* * *

Our principles are just a supplement to our peculiar manner of existence. We delight to clothe our errors in the garb of universal laws; to attribute them to irresistibly appointed causes.

* * *

"Alas!" said Wilhelm, "I have nothing to relate but error on the back of error, deviation following deviation; and I know none from whom I would more gladly hide

my present and my past embarrassments than from yourself. Your look, the scene you move in, your whole temperament and manner, prove to me that you have reason to rejoice in your by-gone life; that you have travelled by a fair, clear path, in constant progress; that you have lost no time, that you have nothing to reproach yourself withal."

* * *

The lords of the earth are such, principally, because they can assemble around them, in war, the bravest and most resolute, and in peace, the wisest and most just.

In war we bear the rude force as well as we can, we feel ourselves physically and economically, but not morally, wounded; the constraint shames no one, and it is no disgraceful service to serve the time; we accustom ourselves to suffer from foes and friends; we have wishes, but no particular views.

In peace, on the contrary, man's love of freedom becomes more and more prominent, and the more free one is, the more free one wishes to be. We will not tolerate anything over us; we will not be restrained; and this tender, nay, morbid feeling, appears in noble souls under the form of justice.

* * *

Let not man prattle for freedom, as if himself he could govern!
Soon as the barriers are torn away, then all of the evil
Seems let loose, that by law had been driven deep back into corners.

* * *

The word freedom sounds so beautiful, that we cannot do without it, even though it designates an error.

***

A man has only to declare that he is free, and the next moment he feels the conditions to which he is a subject. Let him venture to declare that he is under conditions, and then he will feel that he is free.

***

No man is more a slave than the man who thinks himself free while he is not.

***

"Naturalists tell of a noble race of horses that instinctively open a vein with their teeth, when heated and exhausted by a long course, in order to breathe more freely. I am tempted to open a vein to procure for myself everlasting freedom."

***

But what a task was it, not only to be patient with the earth, and let it lie beneath us, we appealing to a higher birthplace; but also to recognize humility and poverty, mockery and despite, disgrace and wretchedness, suffering and death, to recognize these things as divine; nay, even on sin and crime to look not as hindrances, but to honor and love them as furtherances of what is holy. Of this, indeed, we find some traces in all ages; but the trace is not the goal; and this being now attained, the human species cannot retrograde; and we may say, that the Christian religion having once appeared, cannot again vanish; having once assumed its divine shape, can be subject to no dissolution.

***

"If we can conceive it possible," he once observed,

"that the Creator of the world himself assumed the form of his creature, and lived in that manner for a time upon earth, this creature must appear of infinite perfection, because susceptible of such a combination with its Maker. Hence, in our idea of man there can be no inconsistency with our idea of God: and if we often feel a certain disagreement with him and remoteness from him, it is but the more on that account our duty, not like advocates of the wicked spirit, to keep our eyes continually upon the nakedness and weakness of our nature, but rather to seek out every property and beauty, by which our pretension to the similarity with the Divinity may be made good."

* * *

"Permit me one question," said Wilhelm: "as you have set up the life of this divine Man for a pattern and example, have you likewise selected his sufferings, his death, as a model of exalted patience?"

"Undoubtedly we have," replied the eldest. "Of this we make no secret; but we draw a veil over those sufferings, even because we reverence them so highly. We hold it a damnable audacity to bring forth that torturing cross and the Holy One who suffers on it, or to expose them to the light of the sun, which hid its face when a reckless world forced such a sight on it; to take these mysterious secrets, in which the divine depth of sorrow lies hid, and play with them, fondle them, trick them out, and rest not till the most reverend of all solemnities has the appearance of being vulgar and paltry."

***

Keep thyself firm in the faith, and firm abide in this temper;
For it makes steadfast and wise when fortune is fair, and when evil,
Furnishes sweet consolation and animates hopes the sublimest.

. . . . . .

The happy believe not
Miracles yet can be wrought; for only in need we acknowledge
God's own hand and finger, that leads the good to show goodness.

***

"I believe in God," is a beautiful and praiseworthy phrase; but to *recognize* God in all His manifestations, *that* is true holiness on earth.

***

Let mental culture go on advancing, let science go on gaining in depth and breadth, and the human intellect expand as it may, it will never go beyond the elevation and moral culture of Christianity as it shines forth in the Gospels. As soon as the pure doctrine and love of Christ are comprehended in their true nature, and have become a living principle, we shall feel ourselves great and free as human beings, and not attach special importance to a degree more or less in the outward forms of religion. Besides, we shall all gradually advance from a Christianity of words and faith to a Christianity of feeling and action.

* * *

I have meant honestly all my life both with myself and others, and in all my earthly strivings have ever looked upwards to the Highest. Let us continue to work thus while there is daylight for us; for others, another sun will shine by which they will work, while for us a brighter Light will shine. And so let us remain untroubled about the future! In our Father's kingdom there are many provinces, and as He has given us here so happy a resting-place, so will He certainly care for us above; perhaps we shall be blessed with what here on earth has been denied us, to know one another merely by seeing one another, and thence more thoroughly to love our friends.

* * *

If certain phenomena of nature, looked at from the moral standpoint, force us to assume the existence of a primitive evil, so, on the other hand, many phenomena force us to assume a primitive Good. This spring of goodness, when flowing into life, we name *Piety;* as the ancients did, who regarded it as the basis of all virtue. It is the force which counterbalances egoism; and if by a miracle it could for a moment suddenly be active in all men, the earth would at once be free from evil.

* * *

Christ hath arisen!
Joy to humanity!
No more shall vanity,
Death and inanity
Hold thee in prison!
Christ hath arisen

Out of corruption's gloom.
Break from your prison
Burst every tomb!
Livingly owning him,
Lovingly throning him,
Feasting fraternally,
Praying diurnally,
Bearing his messages,
Sharing his promises,
Find ye your master near
Find ye him here!

* * *

All unsuccessful attempts at conversion leave him who has been selected for a proselyte stubborn and obdurate.

* * *

One may remark, that all religions which enlarge their worship or their speculations must at last come to this, of making the brute creation in some degree partakers of spiritual favors.

* * *

At this time the Christian religion was wavering between its own historically positive base and a pure deism, which grounded on morality, was in its turn to lay the foundation of ethics. The diversity of characters and modes of thought here showed itself in infinite gradations, especially when a leading difference was brought into play by the question arising as to how great a share the feelings could and should bear in such convictions. The most lively and ingenious men showed themselves, in this instance, like butterflies, who, quite regardless of

their caterpillar state, throw away the chrysalis veil in which they have grown up to their organic perfection.

Others, more honestly, and modestly minded, might be compared to the flowers which, although they unfold themselves to the most beautiful bloom, yet do not tear themselves from the root, from the mother stalk, nay, rather through this family connection first bring the desired fruit to maturity.

* * *

It is exactly in the moment of its earliest formation that a positive religion possesses its greatest attraction.

* * *

Who dares express Him?
And who confess Him,
Saying, I do believe?
A man's heart bearing,
What man has the daring
To say: I acknowledge Him not?
The All-enfolder,
The All-upholder,
Enfolds, upholds He not
Thee, me, Himself?

* * *

In Faith, I said, everything depends on the fact of believing; what is believed is perfectly indifferent. Faith is a profound sense of security for the present and future, and this assurance springs from confidence in an immense, all-powerful, and inscrutable Being. The firmness of this confidence is the one grand point; but what we think of this Being depends on our other faculties, or

even on circumstances, and is wholly indifferent. Faith is a holy vessel into which every one stands ready to pour his feelings, his understanding, his imagination as perfectly as he can. With knowledge, it is directly the opposite. There, the point is not whether we know, but what we know, how much we know, and how well we know it. Hence it comes that men may dispute about knowledge because it can be corrected, widened, and contracted. Knowledge begins with the particular, is endless and formless, can never be all comprehended, or at least but dreamily, and thus remains exactly the opposite of Faith.

* * *

One easily sees how the Redemption is not only decreed from eternity, but is considered as eternally necessary, nay, that it must ever renew itself through the whole time of generation and existence. In this view of the subject, nothing is more natural than for the Divinity himself to take the form of man, which had already prepared itself as a veil, and to share his fate for a short time, in order, by this assimilation, to enhance his joys and alleviate his sorrows. The history of all religions and philosophies teaches us that this great truth, indispensable for man, has been handed down by different nations, in different times, in various ways, and even in strange fables and images, in accordance with their limited knowledge.

* * *

Here two decided Christians stood in contrast to each other, and it was quite plain how the same belief may take a different shape according to the sentiments

of different persons. I could, in the present case, perceive that men and women need a different Saviour.

Fräulein von Klettenberg looked towards hers as to a lover to whom one yields one's self without reserve, concentrating all joy and hope on him alone, and without doubt or hesitation confiding to him the destiny of life.

Lavater, on the other hand, treated his as a friend, to be imitated lovingly and without envy, whose merits he recognized and valued highly, and whom, for that very reason, he strove to copy, and even to equal.

What a difference between these two tendencies, which in general exhibit the spiritual necessities of the two sexes!

* * *

I feel that God does not grant sunshine or rain to our importunate entreaties. And O those by-gone days, whose memory now torments me, why were they so fortunate? Because I then waited with patience for the blessings of the Eternal, and received his gifts with the grateful feelings of a thankful heart.

* * *

Man, throwing off his load of crimes, has a claim upon Heaven. He who has exhausted every effort of his own, may, as a last resource, appeal to God.

* * *

Poor fool! in whose petty estimation all things are little. From the inaccessible mountains, across the desert which no mortal foot has trod, far as the confines of the unknown ocean, breathes the spirit of the eternal Crea-

tor, and every atom to which he has given existence finds favor in his sight.

* * *

A politico-religious ceremony possesses an infinite charm. We behold earthly majesty before our eyes, surrounded by all the symbols of its power; but while it bends before that of Heaven, it brings to our minds the communion of both. For even the individual can only prove his relationship with the Deity by subjecting himself and adoring.

* * *

"Only when danger is nigh do we see how great is His power."

* * *

I received the usual instructions in religion. In the latter many thoughts and feelings were awakened, but nothing properly relating to my own condition. I liked to hear the people speak of God; I was proud that I could speak on these points better than my equals. I zealously read many books which put me in a condition to talk about religion; but it never once struck me to think how matters stood with *me*, whether *my* soul was formed according to these holy precepts, whether it was like a glass from which the everlasting sun could be reflected in its glancing. From the first, I had presupposed all this.

* * *

The gaudy imagery of a thoughtless life, which used to hover day and night before my eyes, was at once blown away. My soul again began to awaken; but the

greatly interrupted intimacy with my Invisible Friend was not so easy to renew. We still continued at a frigid distance: it was again something; but little to the times of old.

* * *

In this manner was I kept in constant practice. I could trust my thoughts to no mortal; and from God I was too far removed. Him I had quite forgotten, those four wild years: I now again began to think of him occasionally; but our acquaintance had grown cool; they were visits of mere ceremony these; and as, moreover, in waiting on him, I used to dress in fine apparel, to set before him self-complacently my virtue, honor and superiorities to others, he did not seem to notice me, or know me in that finery.

A courtier would have been exceedingly distressed, if the prince who held his fortune in his hands had treated him in this way; but for me, I did not sorrow at it. I had what I required, health and conveniences; if God should please to think of me, well; if not, I reckoned I had done my duty.

This, in truth, I did not think at that period; yet it was the true figure of my soul. But, to change and purify my feelings, preparations were already made.

* * *

The softer these experiences were, the oftener did I endeavor to renew them; I hoped continually to meet with comfort where I had so often met with it. Yet I did not always meet with it: I was as one that goes to warm him in the sunshine, while there is something standing in the way that makes a shadow. "What is

this?" I asked myself. I traced the matter zealously, and soon perceived that it all depended on the situation of my soul: if this was not turned in the straightest direction towards God, I still continued cold; I did not feel his counter-influence; I could obtain no answer. The second question was: "What hinders this direction?" Here I was in a wide field; I perplexed myself in an inquiry.

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With God I had again become a little more acquainted. Earthly love itself concentrated my soul, and put its powers in motion; nor did it contradict my intercourse with God. I naturally complained to him of what alarmed me; but I did not perceive that I myself was wishing and desiring it. In my own eyes I was strong; I did not pray, "Lead us not into temptation!" My thoughts were far beyond temptation. In this flimsy tinsel work of virtue I came to God; he did not drive me back. On the smallest movement toward him, he left a soft impression on my soul; and this impression caused me always to return.

I very soon discovered that the straight direction of my soul was marred by foolish dissipations, and employment with unworthy things. The how and where was clear enough to me. Yet by what means could I help myself, or extricate my mind from the calls of a world where everything was either cold indifference or hot insanity? Gladly would I have left things standing as they were, and lived from day to day, floating down with the stream, like other people whom I saw quite happy; but I durst not; my inmost feelings contradicted me too often. Yet if I determined to re-

nounce society, and alter my relations to others, it was not in my power. I was hemmed in as by a ring drawn round me; certain connections I could not dissolve; and, in the matter which lay nearest to my heart, fatalities accumulated and oppressed me more and more. I often went to bed with tears; and, after a sleepless night, arose again with tears; I required some strong support; and God would not vouchsafe it me, while I was running with the cap and bells.

Deeply as I was convinced that such a temperament of soul, as I now saw mine to be, could never be adapted for that union with the Invisible Being, which I hoped for after death, I did not, in the smallest, fear that I should finally be separated from him. With all the wickedness which I discovered in my heart, I still loved *him*; I hated what I felt, nay, wished to hate it still more earnestly; my whole desire was to be delivered from this sickness, and this tendency to sickness; and I was persuaded that the Great Physician would at length vouchsafe his help.

The sole question was: What medicine will cure this malady? The practice of virtue? This I could not for a moment think. For ten years, I had already practiced more than mere virtue; and the horrors now first discovered had, all the while, lain hidden at the bottom of my soul. Might they not have broken out with me, as they did with David when he looked on Bathsheba? Yet was not he a friend of God; and was I not assured in my inmost heart that God was my friend?

Was it then an unavoidable infirmity of human nature? Must we just content ourselves in feeling and acknowledging the sovereignty of inclination? And

with the best will, is there nothing left for us but to abhor the fault we have committed, and on the like occasion to commit it again?

From systems of morality I could obtain no comfort. Neither their severity, by which they try to bend our inclinations, nor their attractiveness, by which they try to please our inclinations on the side of virtue, gave me any satisfaction. The fundamental notions, which I had imbibed from intercourse with my Invisible Friend, were of far higher value to me.

Once, while I was studying the songs composed by David after that tremendous fall, it struck me very much that he traced his indwelling corruption even in the substance out of which he had been shaped; yet that he wished to be freed from sin, and that he earnestly entreated for a pure heart.

But how was this to be attained? The answer from Scripture I was well aware of: "that the blood of Jesus cleanseth us from all sin," was a Bible truth which I had long known. But now for the first time, I observed that as yet I had never understood this oft-repeated saying. The questions: What does it mean? How is it to be? were, day and night, working out their answers in me. At last I thought I saw, by a gleam of light, that what I sought was to be found in the incarnation of the everlasting Word, by whom all things, even we ourselves, were made. That the Eternal descended as an inhabitant to the depths in which we dwell, which he surveys and comprehends; that he passed through our lot from stage to stage, from conception and birth to the grave; that by this marvelous circuit he again mounted to those shining heights, whither we too must rise in order to be

happy; all this was revealed to me, as in a dawning remoteness.

Oh! why must we, in speaking of such things, make use of figures, which can only indicate external situations! Where is there in His eyes aught high or deep, aught dark or clear! It is we only that have an under and upper, a night and day. And even for this did He become like us, since otherwise we could have had no part in him.

But how shall we obtain a share in this priceless benefit? "By faith," the Scripture says. And what is faith? To consider the account of an event as true, what help can this afford me? I must be enabled to appropriate its effects, its consequences. This appropriating faith must be a state of mind peculiar, and to the natural man unknown.

"Now, gracious Father, grant me faith!" so prayed I once, in the deepest heaviness of heart. I was leaning on a little table, where I sat; my tear-stained countenance was hidden in my hands. I was now in the condition in which we seldom are, but in which we are required to be, if God is to regard our prayers.

O, that I could but paint what I felt then! A sudden force drew my soul to the cross where Jesus once expired; it was a sudden force, a pull, I cannot name it otherwise, such as leads our soul to an absent loved one; an approximation, which perhaps is far more real and true than we imagine. So did my soul approach the Son of Man, who had died upon the cross: and that instant did I know what faith was.

"This is faith!" said I, and started up as if half frightened. I now endeavored to get certain of my feel-

ing, of my view; and shortly I became convinced that my soul had acquired a power of soaring upwards, which was altogether new to it.

Words fail us in describing such emotions. I could most distinctly separate them from all phantasy: they were entirely without phantasy, without image; yet they gave us just such certainty of their referring to some object, as our imagination gives us when it paints the features of an absent lover.

When the first rapture was over, I observed that my present condition of mind had formerly been known to me; only I had never felt it in such strength; I had never held it fast, never made it mine. I believe, indeed, every human soul at intervals feels something of it. Doubtless it is this which teaches every mortal that there is a God.

With such faculty, wont from of old to visit me now and then, I had hitherto been well content; and had not, by a singular arrangement of events, that unexpected sorrow weighed upon me for a twelvemonth; had not my own ability and strength, on that occasion, altogether lost credit with me; I perhaps might have remained content with such a state of matters all my days.

* * *

By several unexpected deaths, some offices fell vacant which Narciss might make pretensions to. The instant was at hand, when my whole destiny must be decided; and while Narciss, and all our friends, were making every effort to efface some impressions which obstructed him at court, and to obtain for him the wished-for situation, I turned with my request to my Invisible Friend. I was

received so kindly, that I gladly came again. I confessed, without disguise, my wish that Narciss might obtain the place; but my prayer was not importunate; and I did not require that it should happen for the sake of my petition.

The place was obtained by a far inferior competitor. I was dreadfully troubled at this news; I hastened to my room, the door of which I locked behind me. The first fit of grief went off in a shower of tears; the next thought was, "Yet it was not by chance that it happened;" and instantly I formed the resolution to be well content with it, seeing even this apparent evil would be for my true advantage. The softest emotions then pressed in upon me, and divided all the clouds of sorrow. I felt that, with help like this, there was nothing one might not endure.

* * *

My health was feeble; I kept myself in peace, and, by a quiet mode of life, in tolerable equilibrium. I was not afraid of death; nay, I wished to die; yet I secretly perceived that God was granting time for me to prove my soul, and to advance still nearer to himself. In my many sleepless nights, especially, I have at times felt something which I cannot undertake to describe.

It was as if my soul were thinking separately from the body; she looked upon the body as a foreign substance, as we look upon a garment. She pictured with extreme vivacity events and times long past, and felt by means of this, events that were to follow. Those times are all gone by; what follows likewise will go by; the body too will fall to pieces like a vesture; but I, the well-known I, I am.

The thought is great, exalted and consoling; yet an excellent friend, with whom I every day became more intimate, instructed me to dwell on it as little as I could. This was the physician whom I met in my uncle's house, and who had since accurately informed himself about the temper of my body and my spirit. He showed me how much these feelings, when we cherish them within us independently of outward objects, tend as it were to excavate us, and to undermine the whole foundation of our being.

"To be active," he would say, "is the primary vocation of man; all the intervals in which he is obliged to rest, he should employ in gaining clearer knowledge of external things, for this will in its turn facilitate activity."

This friend was acquainted with my custom of looking on my body as an outward object; he knew also that I pretty well understood my constitution, my disorder, and the medicines of use for it; nay, that by continual sufferings of my own or other people's, I had really grown a kind of half doctor; he now carried forward my attention from the human body, and the drugs which act upon it, to the kindred objects of creation; he led me up and down as in the paradise of the first man; only, if I may continue my comparison, allowing me to trace, in dim remoteness, the Creator walking in the garden in the cool of the evening.

How gladly did I now see God in nature, when I bore him with such certainty within my heart! How interesting to me was his handiwork; how thankful did I feel that he had pleased to quicken me with the breath of his mouth!

***

It was now that I could try whether the path, which I had chosen, was the path of phantasy or truth; whether I had merely thought as others showed me, or the object of my trust had a reality. To my unspeakable support, I always found the latter. The straight direction of my heart to God, the fellowship of the "Beloved ones," I had sought and found; and this was what made all things light to me. As a traveller in the dark, my soul, when all was pressing on me from without, hastened to the place of refuge, and never did it return empty.

In later times, some champions of religion, who seem to be animated more by zeal than feeling for it, have required of their brethren to produce examples of prayers actually heard; apparently as wishing to have seal and signature, that so they might proceed juridically in the matter. How unknown must the true feeling be to these persons; how few real experiences can they themselves have made!

I can say that I never returned empty, when in straits and oppressions I called on God. This is saying infinitely much; more I must not and cannot say. Important as each experience was at that critical moment for myself, the recital of them would be flat, improbable and insignificant, were I to specify the separate cases. Happy was I, that a thousand little incidents in combination proved, as clearly as the drawing of my breath proved me to be living, that I was not without God in the world. He was near to me, I was before him. This is what, with a diligent avoidance of all theological systematic terms, I can with the greatest truth declare.

Much do I wish that, in those times too, I had been entirely without system. But which of us arrives early at the happiness of being conscious of his individual self, in its own pure combination, without extraneous forms? I was in earnest with religion. I timidly trusted in the judgments of others; I entirely gave in to the Halle system of conversion; but my nature would by no means tally with it.

According to this scheme of doctrine, the alteration of the heart must begin with a deep terror on account of sin; the heart in this agony must recognize, in a less or greater degree, the punishment which it has merited, must get a foretaste of hell, and so embitter the delight of sin. At last it feels a very palpable assurance of grace; which, however, in its progress often fades away, and must again be sought with earnest prayer.

Of all this no jot or tittle happened with me. When I sought God sincerely, he let himself be found of me, and did not reproach me about by-gone things. On looking back, I saw well enough where I had been unworthy, where I still was so; but the confession of my faults was altogether without terror. Not for a moment did the fear of hell occur to me; nay, the very notion of a wicked spirit, and a place of punishment and torment after death, could nowise gain admission into the circle of my thoughts. I considered the men who lived without God, whose hearts were shut against the trust in and the love of the Invisible, as already so unhappy that a hell and external pains appeared to promise rather an alleviation than an increase of their misery. I had but to look upon the persons, in this world, who in their breasts gave scope to hateful feelings; who

hardened their hearts against the good of whatever kind, and strove to force the evil on themselves and others; who shut their eyes by day, that so they might deny the shining of the sun. How unutterably wretched did these persons seem to me! Who could have formed a hell to make their situation worse?

***

I am still advancing, never retrograding; that my conduct is approximating more and more to the image I have formed of perfection; that I every day feel more facility in doing what I reckon proper, even while the weakness of my body so obstructs me; can all this be accounted for upon the principles of human nature, whose corruption I have so clearly seen into? For me, at least, it cannot.

I scarcely remember a commandment; to me there is nothing that assumes the aspect of law; it is an impulse that leads me, and guides me always aright. I freely follow my emotions, and know as little of constraint as of repentance. God be praised that I know to whom I am indebted for such happiness, and that I cannot think of it without humility!

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The sum of my existence seemed to have enlarged itself into infinitude.

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Self-love exaggerates our faults as well as our virtues.

***

The conflict in which the Church — the publicly recognized worship of God — finds itself, and always will

find itself, in two different directions, has always deeply interested me. For now it lies in an eternal conflict with the State, over which it will exalt itself; now with the individuals all of whom it will gather to itself.

The State, on its side, will not yield the superior authority to the Church, and the individuals oppose its restraints. The State desires everything for public, universal ends; the individual for ends belonging to the home, heart, and feelings.

* * *

Difficulties, for which no real satisfaction is attainable, compel us to faith.

* * *

This mixing up of the holy and sensuous is anything but pleasing to my taste; I cannot like men to set apart certain especial places, consecrate them, and deck them out, that by so doing they may nourish in themselves a temper of piety. ' No ornaments, not even the very simplest, should disturb in us that sense of the Divine Being which accompanies us wherever we are, and can consecrate every spot into a temple.

What pleases me is to see a home-service of God held in the saloon where people come together to eat, where they have their parties, and amuse themselves with games and dances. The highest, the most excellent in men, has no form; and one should be cautious how one gives it any form except *noble action.*

* * *

The sacraments are the highest part of religion, and symbols to our senses of an extraordinary divine favor and grace. In the Lord's Supper earthly lips are to

receive a divine Being embodied, and partake of an heavenly under the form of an earthly nourishment. This sense is just the same in all Christian churches; whether the Sacrament is taken with more or less submission to the mystery, with more or less accommodation as to that which is intelligible; it always remains a great holy thing, which in reality takes the place of the possible or the impossible, the place of that which man can neither attain nor do without.

But such a sacrament should not stand alone; no Christian can partake of it with the true joy for which it is given, if the symbolical or sacramental sense is not fostered within him. He must be accustomed to regard the inner religion of the heart and that of the external Church as perfectly one, as the great universal sacrament, which again divides itself into so many others, and communicates to these parts its holiness, indestructibleness, and eternity.

* * *

It is possible that every false step should lead to an inestimable good.

. . . . . .

Man, despite all his follies and errors, being led by a higher hand, reaches some happy goal at last.

* * *

We may imagine ourselves in what situation we please, we always conceive ourselves as *seeing*. I believe men only dream, that they may not cease to see. Some day, I think, the inner light will come out from within us, and we shall not any more require another.

***

With a cheerfulness, which he never used to show, and which now mounted to a lively joy, he said to me: "Where is the fear of death which I once felt? Shall I shrink at departing? I have a gracious God; the grave awakens no terror in me; I have an eternal life."

To recall the circumstances of his death, which shortly followed, forms one of the most pleasing entertainments of my solitude: the visible workings of a higher power in that solemn time, no one shall ever argue from me.

***

Friends will not consider bad that which is undertaken out of affection for them. From such obligations, arises, at last, the expressions of an empty satisfaction with each other, in the phrases of which a character is easily lost, if it is not from time to time steeled to higher excellence.

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A friend who makes it too perceptible that he designs to form you, excites no feeling of comfort; while a woman who is forming you, while she seems to spoil you, is adored as a heavenly, joy-bringing being.

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Till thou a bushel of salt with a new acquaintance hast eaten,
Be not too ready to trust him; for time alone renders thee certain
How ye shall fare with each other, and how well your friendships shall prosper.

***

The confidence which new friends repose in each other usually develops itself by degrees. Common occupations and tastes are the first things in which a mutual harmony shows itself; then the mutual communication generally extends over past and present passions, especially over love-affairs; but it is a lower depth which opens itself if the connection is to be perfected; the religious sentiments, the affairs of the heart which relate to the imperishable, are the things which both establish the foundation and adorn the summit of a friendship.

***

Friends and relations, and all persons living in the same house together, are apt, when life is going smoothly and peacefully with them, to make what they are doing or what they are going to do, even more than is right or necessary, a subject of constant conversation.

They talk to each other of their plans and their occupations, and, without exactly taking one another's advice, consider and discuss together the entire progress of their lives.

But this is far from being the case in serious moments; just when it would seem men most require the assistance and support of others, they all draw singly within themselves, every one to act for himself, every one to work in his fashion; they conceal from one another the particular means which they employ, and only the result, the object, the thing which they realize, is again made common property.

***

It is dangerous to make a friend acquainted with the

perfections of one's beloved, because he also may find her charming and desirable; no less is the reverse danger, that he may perplex us by his dissent.

***

I have possessed that heart, that noble soul, in whose presence I seemed to be more than I really was, because I was all that I could be.

. . . . . .

God bless you, my dear friend, and may He grant you the happiness denied to me.

. . . . . .

Think of you! do I not ever think of you? And yet mine are not thoughts; you live within my soul.

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Presence, in the moment of need, discerns, alleviates, and strengthens. The absent friend comes with the hose when the fire is extinguished.

***

My being is so intimately bound and interwoven with my brother's that he feels no sorrow which I do not feel, no joy which does not likewise gladden me. Nay, I may truly say, through him alone I have experienced that the heart can be affected and exalted; that in the world there may be joy, love and an emotion which contents the soul beyond its utmost want.

***

It is not enough that we can risk our life to serve a friend; in the hour of need we should also yield him our

convictions. Our dearest passions, our best wishes we are bound to sacrifice in helping him.

* * *

As the grace of a fair scene encircles us of itself with soothing influences; so when the mildness of tender-hearted friends conspires with it, there comes over sense and soul a peculiar mood of softness, that recalls to us, as in dreaming visions, the past and the absent, and withdraws the present, as if it were but a show, into spiritual remoteness.

* * *

Oftentimes a man when approaching some development of his powers, capacities and conceptions, gets into a perplexity, from which a prudent friend might easily deliver him. He resembles a traveller, who, at but a short distance from the inn he is to rest at, falls into the water; were any one to catch him then, and pull him to the bank, with one good wetting it were over; whereas, though he struggles out himself, it is often at the side where he tumbled in, and he has to make a wide and weary circuit before reaching his appointed object.

* * *

There is a conception among old nations which is awful, and may almost seem terrible. They pictured their forefathers to themselves sitting around on thrones, in enormous caverns, in silent converse; when a new-comer entered, if he were worthy enough, they rose up, and inclined their heads to welcome him. Yesterday, as I was sitting in the chapel, and other carved chairs stood around like that in which I was, the thought of

this came over me, with a soft, pleasant feeling. Why cannot you stay sitting here? stay here sitting meditating with yourself long, long, long, till at last your friends come, and you rise up to them, and with a gentle inclination direct them to their places. The coloured window-panes convert the day into a solemn twilight; and some one should set up for us an ever-burning lamp, that the night might not be utter darkness.

* * *

I feel certain, and every day I become more certain, that the existence of anything whatever is of very little consequence.

* * *

"My friends esteem me; I often contribute to their happiness, and my heart seems as if it could not beat without them; and yet — if I were to die, if I were to be summoned from the midst of this circle, would they feel, or how long would they feel, the void which my loss would make in their existence? How long! Yes, such is the frailty of man, that even there, where he has the greatest consciousness of his own being, where he makes the strongest and most forcible impression even in the memory, the heart of his beloved, there also he must perish — vanish — and that quickly."

* * *

What is death? We do but dream in our discourse upon it. I have seen many human beings die, but so straitened is our feeble nature, we have no clear conception of the beginning or the end of our existence. One lifts up the curtain and passes to the other side, —

that is all! And why all these doubts and delays? Because we know not what is behind — because there is no returning — and because our mind infers that all is darkness and confusion where we have nothing but uncertainty.

* * *

"To rest hereafter at the side of those whom we love is the most delightful thought which man can have when once he looks out beyond the boundary of life. What a sweet expression that — 'He was gathered to his fathers!'"

* * *

"But after all, why should we take it so much to heart? Is all that we do done for eternity? Do we not put on our dress in the morning, to throw it off again at night? Do we not go abroad to return home again? And why should we not wish to rest by the side of our friends, though it were but for a century?"

* * *

His untimely death sharpened the attention paid to the value of his life. Perhaps, indeed, the effect of his activity, if he had continued it to a more advanced age, would probably not have been so great as it now necessarily became, when, like many other extraordinary men, he was distinguished by fate through a strange and calamitous end.

* * *

"Past eleven o'clock! All is silent around me, and my soul is calm. I thank thee, O God, that thou bestowest strength and courage upon me in these last moments.

"I approach the window, and through the clouds, which are at this moment driven rapidly along by the impetuous winds, I behold the stars which illumine the eternal heavens! No, you will not fall, celestial bodies! the hand of the Almighty supports both you and me!

"With cold, unflinching hand I knock at the brazen portals of Death.

"Peace! I pray you, peace!'

. . . . . .

So lay the heart, which but a short time before had been so swift and eager, at rest now, where it could never be disturbed; and falling asleep as he did, with his thoughts on one so saintly, he might well be called blessed.

So lie the lovers, sleeping side by side. Peace hovers above their resting-place. Fair angel-faces gaze down upon them from the vaulted ceiling, and what a happy moment that will be when one day they wake again together!

* * *

"It is right for the lowest as well as the highest to mark the spot which holds those who are dearest to him. The poorest peasant, who buries a child, finds it some consolation to plant a light wooden cross upon the grave, and hang a garland upon it, to keep alive the memorial, at least as long as the sorrow remains; although such a mark, like the mourning, will pass away with time.

"Those better off change the cross of wood into iron, and fix it down, and guard it in various ways; and here we have endurance for many years. But because this

too will sink at last, and become invisible, those who are able to bear the expense see nothing fitter than to raise a stone which shall promise to endure for generations, and which can be restored and made fresh again by posterity.

"Yet this stone it is not which attracts us; it is that which is contained beneath it, which is entrusted, where it stands, to the earth. It is not the memorial so much of which we speak, as of the person himself; not of what once was, but of what is.

"Far better, far more closely, can I embrace some dear departed one in the mound which rises over his bed, than in a monumental writing which only tells us that once he was. In itself, indeed, it is but little; but around it, as around a central mark, the wife, the husband, the kinsman, the friend, after their departure, shall gather in again; and the living shall have the right to keep far off all strangers and evil-wishers from the side of the dear one who is sleeping there."

* * *

"Drawing nearer to the grave, my perceptions become clearer. We shall exist; we shall see each other again."

* * *

He now bitterly reproached himself, that after so great a loss he could yet enjoy one painless, restful, indifferent moment. He despised his own heart, and longed for the balm of tears and lamentation.

To awaken these again within him, he would recall to memory the scenes of his by-gone happiness. He would paint them to his fancy in the liveliest colors, transport

himself again into the days when they were real; and when standing on the highest elevation he could reach, when the sunshine of past times again seemed to animate his limbs and heave his bosom, he would look back into the fearful chasm, would feast his eye on its dismembering depth, then plunge down into its horrors, and thus force from nature the bitterest pains. With repeated cruelty did he tear himself in pieces; for youth, which is so rich in undeveloped force, knows not what it squanders, when to the anguish which a loss occasions, it adds so many sorrows of its own producing, as if it meant then first to give the right value to what is gone forever. He likewise felt so convinced that his present loss was the sole, the first, the last which he ever could experience in life, that he turned away from every consolation which aimed at showing that his sorrows might be less than endless.

* * *

"You never long'd and loved,
You know not grief like mine:
Alone and far remov'd
From joys or hopes, I pine:
A foreign sky above,
And a foreign earth below me,
To the south I look all day;
For the hearts that love and know me
Are far, are far away.
I burn, I faint, I languish,
My heart is waste, and sick, and sore;
Who has not long'd in baffled anguish
Cannot know what I deplore."

* * *

One knows not whether it is better to let sorrow take its natural course, or to repress it by the various aids which culture offers us. If one decides upon the latter method, *as I always do*, one is only strengthened for a moment; and I have observed that nature always asserts her right through some other crisis.

* * *

Alas! our very deeds, and not our sufferings only,
How do they hem and choke life's way!

* * *

Must I perchance a thousand books turn over,
To find that men are everywhere distrest,
And here and there one happy one discover?

* * *

The source of our happiness must also be the foundation of our misery.

* * *

The common burden of humanity which we have all to bear falls most heavily on those whose intellectual powers expand early. We may grow up under the protection of parents, we may lean for awhile upon our brothers and friends, be amused by acquaintances, rendered happy by those we love, but in the end man is always driven back upon himself, and it seems as if the Divinity had so placed himself in relation to man as not always to respond to his reverence, trust and love, at least not in the terrible moment of need.

Early and often had I learned that the call to us is,

"Physician, heal thyself;" and how frequently have I been compelled to exclaim in my pain, "I tread the wine-press alone!"

* * *

It is well for us that man can only endure a certain amount of unhappiness; what is beyond that, either annihilates him, or passes by him, and leaves him apathetic.

* * *

There are situations in which hope and fear run together, in which they mutually destroy one another, and lose themselves in a dull indifference. If it were not so, how could we bear to know of those who are most dear to us being in hourly peril, and yet go on as usual with our ordinary, every-day life?

* * *

Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the darksome hours
Weeping and watching for the morrow,
He knows ye not, ye gloomy powers.

* * *

It is unpleasant to miss even the most trifling thing to which we have been accustomed. In serious things such a loss becomes miserably painful.

* * *

How hollow and empty do we feel in the melancholy, atheistical half-night, in which earth vanishes with all its images, heaven with all its stars.

* * *

"What important personages we conceive ourselves to be! We think that it is we alone that animate the circle that we move in; that, in our absence, life, nourishment and breath will make a general pause; and, alas, the void which occurs is scarcely remarked, so soon is it filled up again; nay, it is often but the place, if not for something better, at least for something more agreeable."

"And the sorrows of our friends we are not to take into account?"

"For our friends, too, it is well, when they soon recover their composure, when they say each to himself: There where thou art, there where thou remainest, accomplish what thou canst; be busy, be courteous, and let the present scene delight thee."

* * *

An epoch, which includes in it the change of all earthly things, is necessary for a feeling heart, to alleviate the painful impressions of a great loss. We see the flowers fade and the leaves fall; but we likewise see fruits ripen, and new buds shoot forth. Life belongs to the living; and he who lives must be prepared for vicissitudes.

* * *

Not in thy condition, but in thyself lies the mean impediment over which thou canst not gain the mastery. What mortal in the world, if without inward calling he take up a trade, an art, or any mode of life, will not feel his situation miserable? But he who is born with capacities for any undertaking, finds in executing this the fairest portion of his being. Nothing upon earth

without its difficulties! It is the secret impulse within; it is the love and the delight we feel, that help us to conquer obstacles to clear out new paths, and to overleap the bounds of that narrow circle in which others poorly toil. For *thee* the stage is but a few boards; the parts assigned thee are but what a task is to a schoolboy. The spectators thou regardest as on work-days they regard each other. For thee, then, it may be well to wish thyself behind a desk, over ruled ledgers, collecting tolls, and picking out reversions. Thou feelest not the co-operating, co-inspiring whole, which the mind alone can invent, comprehend and complete; thou feelest not that in man there lives a spark of purer fire, which, when it is not fed, when it is not fanned, gets covered by the ashes of indifference and daily wants; yet not till late, perhaps never, can be altogether quenched. Thou feelest in thy soul no strength to fan this spark into a flame, no riches in thy heart to feed it when aroused. Hunger drives thee on, inconveniences withstand thee; and it is hidden from thee, that, in every human condition, foes lie in wait for us, invincible except by cheerfulness and equanimity. Thou dost well to wish thyself within the limits of a common station; for what station that required soul and resolution couldst thou rightly fill! Give a soldier, a statesman, a divine thy sentiments, and as justly will he fret himself about the miseries of *his* condition. Nay, have there not been men so totally forsaken by all feeling of existence, that they have held the life and nature of mortals as a nothing, a painful, short and tarnished gleam of being? Did the forms of active men rise up living in thy soul; were thy breast warmed by a sympathetic fire; did the voca-

tion which proceeds from within diffuse itself over all thy frame; were the tones of thy voice, the words of thy mouth, delightful to hear; didst thou feel thy own being sufficient for thyself, — then wouldst thou doubtless seek place and opportunity likewise to feel it in others.

* * *

Of the various memorials and tokens which bring nearer to us the distant and the separated — none is so satisfactory as a picture. To sit and talk to a beloved picture, even though it be unlike, has a charm in it like the charm which there sometimes is in quarrelling with a friend. We feel in a strange, sweet way, that we are divided and yet cannot separate.

* * *

We entertain ourselves often with a present person as with a picture. He need not speak to us, he need not look at us, or take any notice of us; we look at him, we feel the relation in which we stand to him; such relation can even grow without his doing anything towards it, without his having any feeling of it: he is to us exactly as a picture.

* * *

One is never satisfied with a portrait of a person that one knows. I have always felt for the portrait-painter on this account. One so seldom requires of people what is possible, and of them we do really require what is impossible; they must gather up into their picture the relation of everybody to its subject, all their likings and all their dislikings; they must not only paint a man as they see him, but as everybody else sees him.

* * *

Copies only serve to refresh and vivify the impressions shortly before received. They seem trifling in comparison, and at the best only a melancholy substitute. But as the remembrance of the original forms fades more and more, the copies imperceptibly assume their place, they become as dear to us as those once were, and what we at first contemned, now gains esteem and affection. Thus it is with all copies, and particularly with portraits. No one is easily satisfied with the counterfeit of an object still present, but how we value every *silhouette* of one who is absent or departed.

* * *

"What a life," exclaimed he, "in this hall of the past! One might with equal justice name it hall of the present and the future. Such all were, such all will be. There is nothing transitory but the individual who looks at and enjoys it. Here, this figure of the mother pressing her infant to her bosom, will survive many generations of happy mothers. Centuries hence, perhaps some father will take pleasure in contemplating this bearded man, who has laid aside his seriousness, and is playing with his son. Thus shamefaced will the bride sit for ages, and amid her silent wishes, need that she be comforted, that she be spoken to; thus impatient will the bridegroom listen on the threshold whether he may enter."

The figures Wilhelm was surveying with such rapture were of almost boundless number and variety. From the first jocund impulse of the child, merely to employ its every limb in sport, up to the peaceful sequestered

earnestness of the sage, you might, in fair and living order, see delineated how man possesses no capacity or tendency without employing and enjoying it. From the first soft conscious feeling, when the maiden lingers in pulling up her pitcher, and looks with satisfaction at her image in the clear fountain, to those high solemnities when kings and nations invoke the gods at the altar to witness their alliances, all was depicted, all was forcible and full of meaning.

* * *

Soon after this comes a wonderfully beautiful picture. You observe a quantity of timber lying dressed; it is just to be put together, and by chance two of the pieces form a cross. The Child has fallen asleep on the cross; his mother sits by, and looks at him with heartfelt love; and the foster-father pauses with his labor, that he may not awaken him.

* * *

A keen impression is like any other wound: we do not feel it in receiving it. Not till afterwards does it begin to smart and gangrene.

* * *

What is useful forms but a part of the important. Fully to possess, to command, and rule an object, we must first study it for its own sake.

* * *

Variety, without dissipation, is the best motto for both teaching and life.

* * *

We flatter ourselves on into life; but life flatters not us. How many men would like to acknowledge at the

outset, what at the end they must acknowledge whether they like it or not?

* * *

We are obliged to give our pupils an outward cultivation. It is indispensable, it is necessary, and it may be really valuable, if we do not overstep the proper measure in it. Only it is so easy, while one is proposing to cultivate the children for a wider sweep, to drive them out into the indefinite, without keeping before our eyes the real requisites of the inner nature. Here lies the problem which more or less must be either solved or blundered over by all educators.

Many things, with which we furnish our children at school, do not please me; because experience tells me of how little service they are likely to be in after-life.

* * *

Another education there is which will speedily recommence, and work on well-nigh through all the years of our life — the education which circumstances will give us, if we do not give it to ourselves.

* * *

It might be of serious advantage to her if she would go back for some little time to school, in order methodically and thoroughly to make her own forever what the world was only imparting to her in fragments and pieces, rather perplexing her than satisfying her, and often too late to be of service.

* * *

Individuals may be left to occupy themselves with

whatever amuses them, with whatever gives them pleasure, whatever they think useful; but the proper study of mankind is man.

* * *

A teacher who can arouse a feeling for one single good action, for one single good poem, accomplishes more than he who fills our memory with rows on rows of natural objects, classified with name and form. For what is the result of all these, except what we know as well without them, that the human figure preëminently and peculiarly is made in the image and likeness of God?

* * *

A cabinet of natural curiosities we may regard like an Egyptian burying-place, where the various plant gods and animal gods stand about embalmed. It may be well enough for a priest-caste to busy itself with such things in a twilight of mystery. But in general instruction, they have no place or business; and we must beware of them all the more, because what is nearer to us and more valuable, may be so easily thrust aside by them.

* * *

Many times when a certain longing curiosity about these strange objects has come over me, I have envied the traveller who sees such marvels in living, every-day connection with other marvels. But he, too, must have become another man. Palm-trees will not allow a man to wander among them with impunity; and doubtless his tone of thinking becomes very different in a land where elephants are at home.

* * *

Whatever lives, finds nourishment and finds assistance; and if the son who has early lost his father, does not spend so easy, so favored a youth, he profits, perhaps, for that very reason, in being trained sooner for the world, and comes to a timely knowledge that he must accommodate himself to others, a thing which sooner or later we are all forced to learn.

* * *

What a difference is there between him who wishes to investigate principles, and one whose highest object is to work on the world and to teach them for their mere private amusement.

* * *

Every one is apt to believe that what he possesses himself may be communicated to others.

* * *

Take any subject, a substance, an idea, whatever you like; keep fast hold of it; make yourself thoroughly acquainted with it in all its parts, and then it will be easy for you, in conversation, to find out, with a mass of children, how much about it has already developed itself in them; what requires to be stimulated, what to be directly communicated. The answers to your questions may be as unsatisfactory as they will, they may wander wide of the mark; if you only take care that your counter-question shall draw their thoughts and senses inward again; if you do not allow yourself to be driven from your own position — the children will at last reflect, comprehend, learn only what the teacher desires them to

learn, and the subject will be presented to them in the light in which he wishes them to see it. The greatest mistake which he can make is to allow himself to be run away with from the subject; not to know how to keep fast to the point with which he is engaged.

* * *

If elderly persons wish to play the pedagogue properly, they should neither prohibit nor render disagreeable to a young man anything which gives him pleasure, of whatever kind it may be, unless at the same time, they have something else to put it its place, or can contrive a substitute.

* * *

The country people have knowledge enough, but their way of imparting it is confused. The students from the towns and universities are sufficiently clever and orderly, but they are deficient in personal experience.

* * *

It is nature to communicate one's self; it is culture to receive what is communicated as it is given.

* * *

Art is long, life short, judgment difficult, opportunity transient. To act is easy, to think is hard; to act according to our thought is troublesome. Every beginning is cheerful; the threshold is the place of expectation. The boy stands astonished; his impressions guide him; he learns sportfully; seriousness comes on him by surprise. Imitation is born with us; what should be imitated is not easy to discover. The excel-

lent is rarely found, more rarely valued. The height charms us, the steps to it do not: with the summit in our eye, we love to walk along the plain. It is but a part of art that can be taught; the artist needs it all. Who knows it half, speaks much, and is always wrong; who knows it wholly, inclines to act, and speaks seldom or late.

The former have no secrets and no force: the instruction they can give is like baked bread, savory and satisfying for a single day; but flour cannot be sown, and seed-corn ought not to be ground. Words are good, but they are not the best. The best is not to be explained by words. The spirit in which we act is the highest matter. Action can be understood and again represented by the spirit alone. No one knows what he is doing while he acts aright; but of what is wrong we are always conscious. Whoever works with symbols only, is a pedant, a hypocrite, or a bungler. There are many such, and they like to be together. Their babbling detains the scholar; their obstinate mediocrity vexes even the best. The instruction which the true artist gives us, opens the mind; for where words fail him, deeds speak. The true scholar learns from the known to unfold the unknown, and approaches more and more to being a master.

* * *

"We look upon our scholars," said the overseer, "as so many swimmers, who, in the element which threatened to swallow them, feel with astonishment that they are lighter, that it bears and carries them forward: and so it is with everything that man undertakes."

* * *

"On our plan, song is the first step in education; all the rest are connected with it, and attained by means of it. The simplest enjoyment, as well as the simplest instruction, we enliven and impress by song; nay, even what religious and moral principles we lay before our children, are communicated in the way of song. Other advantages for the excitement of activity spontaneously arise from this practice; for, in accustoming the children to write the tones they are to utter, in musical characters, and as occasion serves, again to seek these characters in the utterance of their own voice; and besides this, to subjoin the text below the notes, they are forced to practice hand, ear and eye at once, whereby they acquire the art of penmanship sooner than you would expect; and as all this, in the long run, is to be effected by copying precise measurements and accurately settled numbers, they come to conceive the high value of mensuration and arithmetic much sooner than in any other way. Among all imaginable things, accordingly, we have selected music as the element of our teaching; for level roads run out from music towards every side."

* * *

Any good thought which we have read, anything striking which we have heard, we commonly enter in our diary; but if we would take the trouble, at the same time, to copy out of our friends' letters the remarkable observations, the original ideas, the hasty words so pregnant in meaning, which we might find in them, we should then be rich indeed. We lay aside letters never to read them again, and at last we destroy them out of

discretion, and so disappears the most beautiful, the most immediate breath of life, irrecoverably for ourselves and for others. I intend to make amends in future for such neglect.

* * *

It is, indeed, a glorious thing to be able, with our newest thoughts, to reach into the distance, and by words to convey thither an idea of one's immediate state and circumstances.

* * *

Another employment was reading the letters which I had written home from Leipzig. Nothing reveals more with respect to ourselves, than when we again see before us that which has proceeded from us years before, so that we can now consider ourselves as an object of contemplation.

As in our younger years we do not in general cast off a certain self-complacent conceit, this especially shows itself in despising what we have been but a little time before; for while, indeed, we perceive, as we advance from step to step, that those things which we regard as good and excellent in ourselves and in others do not stand their ground, we think we can best extricate ourselves from this dilemma by ourselves throwing away what we cannot preserve.

* * *

Argument and flattery are but poor elements out of which to form a conversation.

* * *

The pleasantest society is when the members of it have an easy and natural respect for one another.

***

There is nothing in which people more betray their character than in what they find to laugh at.

***

People will allow their faults to be shown them; they will let themselves be punished for them; they will patiently endure many things because of them; they only become impatient when they have to lay them aside.

***

Certain defects are necessary for the existence of individuality. We should not be pleased if old friends were to lay aside certain peculiarities.

***

What kind of defects may we bear with and even cultivate in ourselves? Such as rather give pleasure to others than injure them.

***

We accept every person in the world as that for which he gives himself out, only he must give himself out for something. We can put up with the unpleasant more easily than we can endure the insignificant.

***

We venture upon anything in society except only what involves a consequence.

***

We never learn to know people when they come to us. we must go to them to find out how things stand with them.

***

When we are living with people who have a delicate sense of propriety, we are in misery on their account when anything unbecoming is committed.

***

In life generally, and in society no one has such high advantages as a well-cultivated soldier.

***

True individuality can only be properly made prominent through good manners.

***

How true is the saying: the public is ever complaining that it is ill-served, and never knows how to set about getting better served.

***

One alone can do but little, but he can avail who in the proper hour unites his strength with others.

***

After all the world is nothing but a wheel; in its whole periphery it is everywhere similar, but, nevertheless, it appears to us so strange, because we ourselves are carried around with it.

***

We first know that we exist, when we recognize ourselves in others.

***

I have made all sorts of acquaintances, but as yet have found no society.

***

Trust not the people's fickle favor!
However much thou mayst for them have done.
Nations, as well as women, ever
Worship the rising, not the setting sun.

***

The public interests itself sooner for a faulty individuality than for that which is produced or amended according to a universal law of taste.

***

We who depend upon society must act according to its rules, and it would be safer to provoke its resentment than its *ennui*, by requiring it to think or reflect. We must avoid everything that would tend to this result, and pursue by ourselves in private whatever would prove unpalatable to the public.

***

The world runs on from one folly to another, and the man who, solely from regard to the opinion of others, and without any wish or necessity of his own, toils after gold, honor, or any other phantom, is no better than a fool.

***

As we may sometimes preserve our composure even during the performance of a farce, without smiling at the most positive drolleries, though we find it impossible to restrain our laughter when anything absurd occurs in the representation of a tragedy, so in this real world, the generality of accidents of a serious nature are accompanied

by circumstances either ridiculous at the moment, or infallibly productive of subsequent mirth.

* * *

"To please the crowd my purpose has been steady,
Because they live and let one live at least."

* * *

Oh! the brilliant wretchedness, the weariness that one is doomed to witness among the silly people whom we meet in society. The ambition of rank; how they watch, how they toil to gain precedence! What poor and contemptible passions are displayed in their utter nakedness.

* * *

No one would talk much in society, if he only knew how often he misunderstands others.

* * *

Mystifications are and will continue to be an amusement for idle people, whether more or less ingenious. A venial wickedness, a self-complacent malice, is an enjoyment for those who have neither resources in themselves nor a wholesome external activity.

* * *

We can look upon ourselves as members of a union belonging to the world. Simple and grand is the thought; easy is its execution by understanding and strength. Unity is all powerful; no division, therefore, no contention among us! Let a man learn, we say, to figure himself as without permanent external relation; let him seek consistency and sequence not in circumstances but in himself; there will he find it; there let

him cherish and nourish it. He who devotes himself to the most needful will in all cases advance to his purpose with greatest certainty; others, again, aiming at the higher, the more delicate, require greater prudence even in the choice of their path. But let a man be attempting or treating what he will, he is not, as an individual, sufficient for himself; and to an honest mind society remains the highest want. All serviceable persons ought to be related with each other, as the building proprietor looks out for an architect, and the architect for masons and carpenters.

***

In society, all things are easier, more certain in their accomplishment, than to an individual.

***

The world, we are often told, is unthankful; I have never yet discovered that it was unthankful, if one knew how, in the proper way, to do it service. My whole soul burns at the idea that *I* shall at length step forth and speak to the hearts of men something they have long been yearning to hear. How many thousand times has a feeling of disgust passed through me, alive as I am to the nobleness of the stage, when I have seen the poorest creatures fancying they could speak a word of power to the hearts of the people! The tone of a man's voice singing treble sounds far pleasanter and purer to my ear: it is incredible how these blockheads, in their coarse ineptitude, deform things beautiful and venerable.

* * *

The great public should be reverenced, not used as children are, when peddlers wish to hook the money from them. By presenting excellence to the people, you should gradually excite in them a taste and feeling for the excellent; and they will pay their money with double satisfaction, when reason itself has nothing to object against this outlay. The public you may flatter, as you do a well-beloved child, to better, to enlighten it; not as you do a pampered child of quality, to perpetuate the error you profit from.

* * *

The herd of people dread sound understanding more than anything; they ought to dread stupidity, if they had any notion what was really dreadful. Understanding is unpleasant, they must have it pushed aside; stupidity is but pernicious, they can let it stay.

* * *

The public is large; true judgment, true feeling, are not quite so rare as one believes; only the artist ought not to demand an unconditional approval of his work. Unconditional approval is always the least valuable.

* * *

I knew enough about the world to understand that one's conduct is often censured by the very persons who would have advised it, had one consulted them.

* * *

In life, as in art, I know well, a person must take counsel with himself when he purposes to do or to pro-

duce anything; but when it is produced, or done, he must listen with attention to the voices of a number, and with a little practice, out of these many votes he will be able to collect a perfect judgment. The few, who could themselves pronounce one, for the most part hold their peace.

* * *

It is a false compliance with the multitude, to raise in them emotions which they *wish*, when these are not emotions which they *ought* to feel.

* * *

In all provinces of life, it is unhappily the case, that whatever is to be accomplished by a number of coöperating men and circumstances, cannot long continue perfect. Of an acting company as well as of a kingdom, of a circle of friends as well as of an army, you may commonly select the moment when it may be said that all was standing on the highest pinnacle of harmony, perfection, contentment and activity. But alterations will ere long occur: the individuals that compose the body often change; new members are added; the persons are no longer suited to the circumstances, or the circumstances to the persons; what was formerly united, quickly falls asunder.

* * *

Their conversation naturally turned upon the various modes of treating the insane.

"Except physical derangements," observed the clergyman, "which often place insuperable difficulties in the way, and in regard to which I follow the prescriptions of a wise physician, the means of curing madness seem

to me extremely simple. They are the very means by which you hinder sane persons from becoming mad. Awaken their activity; accustom them to order; bring them to perceive that they hold their being and their fate in common with many millions; that extraordinary talents, the highest happiness, the deepest misery, are but slight variations from the general lot; then no insanity will enter; or if it has entered, will gradually disappear.

* * *

I can now really enjoy the solitude for which I have longed so ardently, for nowhere does a man feel himself more solitary than in a crowd, where he must push his way unknown to every one. One must possess a rare amount of self-control not to be carried away.

* * *

To pass through such a countless multitude, with its restless excitement, is strange but salutary. Here they are all crossing and recrossing one another, and yet every one finds his way and his object. In so great a crowd and bustle I feel myself perfectly calm and solitary; the more bustling the streets become, the more quietly I move.

* * *

Nothing important can be produced without self-isolation.

* * *

"The youth matures into manhood:
Better in stillness oft ripening to deeds than when in the tumult
Wildering and wild of existence, that many a youth has corrupted."

* * *

"I think thee very happy, that, in solitude, thou canst employ and entertain thyself so pleasantly; that, being everywhere a stranger, thou findest in thy own heart agreeable society."

* * *

He was drawn forth from the quiet, the twilight, the obscurity, which alone can favor pure creation, into the noise of daylight where one is lost in others, where one is led astray, alike by sympathy and by coldness, by praise and by blame, because outward contact never accords with the epoch of our inner culture, and therefore, as it cannot further us, must necessarily injure us.

* * *

"I see but too plainly that Heaven has destined me to severe trials; but, courage! a light heart may bear anything. A little more light-heartedness would render me the happiest being under the sun. But must I despair of my talents and faculties, whilst others of far inferior abilities parade before me with the utmost self-satisfaction? Gracious Providence! to whom I owe all my powers, why didst thou not withhold some of these blessings I possess, and substitute in their places a feeling of self-confidence and contentment?

"But patience! all will yet be well; since I have been obliged to associate continually with other people, and observe what they do, and how they employ themselves, I have become far better satisfied with myself. For we are so constituted by nature, that we are ever prone to compare ourselves with others, and our happiness or misery depends very much on the objects and persons

around us. On this account nothing is more dangerous than solitude; there, our imagination, always disposed to rise, taking a new flight on the wings of fancy, pictures to us a chain of beings, of whom we seem the most inferior. All things appear greater than they really are, and all seem superior to us. This operation of the mind is quite natural; we so continually feel our own imperfections, and fancy we perceive in others the qualities we do not possess, attributing to them also all that we enjoy ourselves, that by this process we form the idea of a perfect, happy man — a man, however, who only exists in our own imagination.

"But when, in spite of weakness and disappointments, we set to work in earnest, and persevere steadily, we often find that, though obliged continually to tack, we make more way than others who have the assistance of wind and tide; and in truth, there can be no greater satisfaction than to keep pace with others, or outstrip them in the race."

* * *

Thus was I often solitary in the midst of company; and real solitude was generally acceptable to me. But my busy soul could neither sleep nor dream; I felt and thought; and acquired, by degrees, some faculty to speak about my feelings and my thoughts with God.

* * *

For my part, I never see persons so lively and so animated either at a learned meeting or at a public lecture convened for general instruction, as in a society where some piece of scandal is introduced which reflects on the character of a neighbor. Ask yourself, or ask

others, what invests a piece of news with its greatest charm? Not its importance, not its influences, but its mere novelty.

Nothing old is cared for; novelty by itself excites our surprise, awakens the imagination, gently agitates the feelings, and requires no exertion of the reasoning powers.

Every man can take the most lively interest in a piece of news with the least trouble to himself; indeed, since a succession of new events carries us rapidly from one circumstance to another, nothing is more welcome to the generality of mankind than this inducement to constant dissipation, and this opportunity of venting their spleen and malice in an agreeable and varied manner.

* * *

The passions are defects or excellencies only in excess.

Violent passions are incurable diseases; the means which will cure them are what first made them dangerous.

* * *

Opportunity is to passion what a spark is to gunpowder, and those desires which we gratify contrary to conscience always rule with the most ungovernable power.

* * *

How keenly grateful people are to us when we are able by stilling and calming them to help them out of the entanglements of passion.

* * *

Young people have the happiness or unhappiness, that, when once anything has produced an effect on them, this effect must be wrought out within themselves; from which much good as well as much mischief arises.

* * *

Children and youths wander on in a sort of happy intoxication which betrays itself especially in the fact, that the good, innocent creatures are scarcely able to notice, and still less to understand, the ever-changing state of things around them. They regard the world as raw material which they must shape, as a treasure which they must take possession of. Everything, they seem to think, belongs to them, everything must be subservient to their will; indeed, on this account, the greater part lose themselves in a wild, uncontrollable temper. With the better part, however, this tendency unfolds itself into a moral enthusiasm, which occasionally moves of its own accord after some actual or seeming good, but still oftener suffers itself to be prompted, led or even misled.

* * *

Youth still retains this trait of childhood, that it harbors no malice against good companions; that its unsophisticated good-nature may be brushed somewhat roughly indeed, to be sure, but cannot be permanently injured.

* * *

How sedulously are we shaped and moulded in our youth — how constantly are we then called on to lay

aside now this, now that bad feeling! But what, in fact, are our so called bad feelings, but so many organs by means of which man is to help himself in life? How is not the poor child worried in whom but a little spark of vanity is discovered! and yet what a poor miserable creature is the man who has no vanity at all.

* * *

That which pains a sensitive youth is the unceasing return of our faults; for how late do we learn to see that while we cultivate our virtues, we rear our faults at the same time. The former depends upon the latter as upon their root, and the latter send forth secret ramifications as strong and as various as those which the former send forth in open light.

Because now we generally practise our virtues with will and consciousness, but are unconsciously surprised by our faults, the former seldom procure us any pleasure, while the latter constantly bring trouble and pain. Here lies the most difficult point in self-knowledge — that which makes it almost impossible.

* * *

Nothing is more unsatisfactory than a mature judgment adopted by an immature mind.

* * *

A youthful affection, cherished at random, may be compared to a bombshell thrown at night, which rises with a soft, brilliant light, mingles with the stars, nay, for a moment, seems to pause among them, then, in descending, describes the same path in the reverse

direction, and at last brings destruction to the place where it has terminated its course.

* * *

The quiet fruitfulness is quite inestimable of those impressions which are received with enjoyment and without dissecting judgment. Youth is capable of this highest happiness if it will not be critical, but allows the excellent and the good to act upon it without investigation and division.

* * *

Youth should be allowed its own course; it does not stick to false maxims very long; life soon tears or charms it away again.

* * *

Ay, give me back the joyous hours,
When I, myself, was ripening, too,
When song, the fount, flung up its showers
Of beauty ever fresh and new.
When a soft haze the world was veiling,
Each bud a miracle bespoke,
And from their stems a thousand flowers I broke,
Their fragrance through the vales exhaling.
I nothing and yet all possessed,
Yearning for truth and in illusion blest.
Give me the freedom of that hour,
The tears of joy, the pleasing pain,
Of hate and love the thrilling power,
Oh, give me back my youth again!

* * *

Happy narrow-mindedness of youth! — nay, of men

in general, that they can, at every moment of their existence, fancy themselves finished, and inquire after neither the true nor the false, after neither the high nor the deep, but merely after that which is suited to them.

* * *

Children of talent, whose mental gifts have, at an early period, been cultivated to an extraordinary degree, return, if they can, to the simplest sports of youth.

* * *

"— for much did I suffer,
Ever remembering with cordial respect the kindness of parents,
Solely intent on increasing for us their goods and possessions,
Much denying themselves in order to save for their children.
But, alas! saving alone, for the sake of a tardy enjoyment, —
That is not happiness; pile upon pile, and acre on acre,
Make us not happy, no matter how fair our estate may be rounded.
For the father grows old, and with him will grow old the children,
Losing the joy of the day, and bearing the care of tomorrow."

* * *

As a family picnic in summer is vexatiously disturbed by a sudden storm, which transforms a pleasant state of things into the very reverse, so the diseases of child-

hood fall unexpectedly on the most beautiful season of early life.

* * *

In girls, we love what they are, but in young men what they promise to be.

* * *

Bear with me and let me alone, and so help me on through the time; I am young, and youth has many unexpected means of restoring itself. Cheer me with your love; make me wiser and better with what you say to one another, but leave me to my own inward self.

* * *

Nothing on the earth affects my heart so much as children. When I consider them, when I mark in the little creatures the seeds of all those virtues and qualities which they will one day find so indispensable; when I behold in the obstinate all the future firmness and constancy of a noble character; in the capricious, that levity and gayety of temper which will carry them lightly over the dangers and troubles of life, their whole nature simple and unpolluted; then I call to mind the golden words of the Great Teacher of mankind, "If you become not like one of these!" And now, my friend, these children, who are our equals, whom we ought to consider as our models, we treat them as subjects. They are allowed no will of their own! And have we then none ourselves? Whence comes our exclusive right? Is it because we are older and more experienced? Great God! from the height of thy Heaven, thou beholdest great children and little children, and no others; and thy Son has long since declared which afforded Thee greatest pleasure. But

they believe in Him, and hear Him not, — that, too, is an old story; and they train their children after their own image.

* * *

"O needless strictness of morality," exclaimed he, "while Nature in her own kindly manner trains us to all that we require to be! O strange demand of civil society, which first perplexes and misleads us, then asks of us more than Nature herself! Woe to every sort of culture which destroys the most effectual means of all true culture, and directs us to the end, instead of rendering us happy on the way!"

Much as he had already seen in his life, it seemed as if the observation of the child afforded him his first clear view of human nature. The theatre, the world had appeared before him, only as a multitude of thrown dice, every one of which upon its upper surface indicates a greater or a smaller value; and which, when reckoned up together, make a sum. But here in the person of the boy, as we might say, a single die was laid before him, on the many sides of which the worth and worthlessness of man's nature were legibly engraved.

The child's desire to have distinctions made in his ideas grew stronger every day. Having learned that things had names, he wished to hear the name of everything; supposing that there could be nothing which his father did not know, he often teased him with his questions, and caused him to inquire concerning objects, which but for this he would have passed without notice. Our innate tendency to pry into the origin and end of things was likewise soon developed in the boy. When

he asked whence came the wind and whither went the flame, his father for the first time truly felt the limitation of his own powers; and wished to understand how far man may venture with his thoughts, and what things he may hope ever to give account of to himself or others.

* * *

Wilhelm was still in that happy season, when one cannot understand how, in the woman one loves, in the writer one honors, there should be anything defective. The feeling they excite in us is so entire, so accordant with itself, that we cannot help attributing the same perfect harmony to the objects themselves.

* * *

If the first love is indeed, as I hear it everywhere maintained to be, the most delicious feeling which the heart of man, before it or after, can experience — then our hero must be reckoned doubly happy, as permitted to enjoy the pleasure of this chosen period in all its fullness. Few men are so peculiarly favored; by far the greater part are led by the feelings of their youth into nothing but a school of hardship, where, after a stinted and checkered season of enjoyment, they are at length constrained to renounce their dearest wishes, and to learn forever to dispense with what once hovered before them as the highest happiness of existence.

* * *

The sight of the child exceedingly enlivened and cheered him; at the christening, contrary to his custom, he seemed as if inspired; nay, I might say, like a

genius with two faces. With the one, he looked joyfully forward to those regions which he soon hoped to enter; with the other, to the new, hopeful, earthly life which had arisen in the boy descended from him.

* * *

"Any species of activity," continued he, "attracts the fondness of a child; for everything looks easy that is practiced to perfection. All beginnings are hard, says the proverb. This, in a certain sense, may be true; but we might say, with a more universal application: All beginnings are easy; and it is the last steps that are climbed most rarely and with greatest difficulty."

* * *

Everything that happens to us leaves some trace behind it, everything contributes imperceptibly to form us. Yet often it is dangerous to take a strict account of that. For either we grow proud and negligent, or downcast and dispirited; and both are equally injurious in their consequences. The safe plan is, always simply to do the task that lies nearest us.

* * *

In all things to serve from the lowest station upwards is necessary. To restrict yourself to a trade is best. For the narrow mind, whatever he attempts is still a trade; for the higher an art; and the highest, in doing one thing does all; or, to speak less paradoxically, in the one thing which he does rightly, he sees the likeness of all that is done rightly.

***

Happy is he to whom his business itself becomes a puppet, who at length can play with it, and amuse himself with what his situation makes his duty.

***

It is not, my friend, in figures of arithmetic alone that gain presents itself before us; fortune is the goddess of breathing men; to feel her favors truly, we must live and be men who toil with their living minds and bodies, and enjoy with them also.

***

I had it in my power to bestow my care and industry on many other things, as I did not occupy myself with changing these external necessaries, a task which consumes so many people's time and resources. An affectionate attention to what we possess makes rich, for thereby we accumulate a treasure of remembrances connected with indifferent things.

***

Practical activity and expertness are far more compatible with sufficient intellectual culture than is generally supposed.

***

To labor for his own moral culture, is the simplest and most practicable thing which man can propose to himself; the impulse is inborn; while in social life both reason and love prompt or rather force him to do so.

***

I, too, could be happy on moderate means — could be

quite as happy as any one else — if only I knew a trade, an exciting one, indeed, but yet one which had no consequences for the morrow, which required nothing but industry, and attention at the time, without calling for either foresight or retrospection. Every mechanic seems to me the happiest of mortals; all that he has to do is already settled for him, what he can do is fixed and known. He has not to rack his brains over the task that is set him; he works away without thinking, without exertion or haste, but still with diligence and pleasure in his work, like a bird building its nest, or a bee constructing its cells. He is but a degree above the beasts, and yet he is a perfect man. How do I envy the potter at his wheels, or the joiner behind his bench.

* * *

One always feels an inclination to sweep one's neighbor's door.

* * *

Everywhere there is something to learn and to do, something to be delighted with.

* * *

We are always hoping to do more than we ever accomplish.

* * *

The fault of all dilettantes — that of beginning with what is most difficult, and ever wishing to perform the impossible.

* * *

By faithful observation, by continued occupation, something may be gained from all things.

***

Let every one, according to his talents, according to his tendencies, and according to his position, *do his utmost to increase the culture and development of the people*, to strengthen and widen it on all sides, that this people may not lag behind other peoples, but may become competent for every great action when the day of its glories arrives.

***

Men are so constituted that everybody would rather undertake himself what he sees done by others, whether he has aptitude for it or not.

***

Up, gentlemen! sound the alarm to all noble souls who are in the elysium of so-called good taste, where drowsy in tedious twilight, they are half alive, half not alive, with passions in their hearts, and no marrow in their bones; and because they are not tired enough to sleep, and yet are too idle to be active, loiter and yawn away their shadowy life between myrtle and laurel bushes.

***

Unjustly are men considered fools who add to their wealth by ceaseless activity — for activity itself is happiness, and riches themselves are valueless in comparison with the delight of the toil by which they are acquired.

***

How much had she not gained for herself since that time! but, alas! how much had she not also since that

time, lost again! Never had she been so rich, and never so poor. The feelings of her loss and of her gain alternated momentarily one with another, chasing each other through her heart; and she could find no other means to help her herself, except always to set to work again at what lay nearest to her, with such interest and eagerness as she could command.

* * *

One form of activity may be woven into another, but it cannot be pieced on to it.

* * *

Solitude would not give me the resource for which I wish.

The one true and valuable resource is to be looked for where we can be active and useful; all the self-denials and all the penances on earth will fail to deliver us from an evil-omened destiny, if it be determined to persecute us. Let me sit still in idleness and serve as a spectacle for the world, and it will overpower and crush me. But find me some peaceful employment, where I can go steadily and unweariedly on doing my duty, and I shall be able to bear the eyes of men, when I need not shrink under the eyes of God.

* * *

I think it a happy destination to train up others in the beaten way, after having been trained in the strangest way myself. And do we not see the same great fact in history? some moral calamity drives men out into the wilderness; but they are not allowed to remain as they had hoped in their concealment there. They are sum-

moned back into the world, to lead the wanderers into the right way; and who are fitter for such a service than those who have been initiated into the labyrinths of life? They are commanded to be the support of the unfortunate; and who can better fulfill that command than those who have no more misfortunes to fear upon earth?

It is only when we suffer ourselves, that we feel truly the real nature of all the high qualities which are required to bear suffering.

The unfortunate who has himself recovered, knows best how to nourish, in himself and in others, the feeling that every moderate good ought to be enjoyed with rapture.

* * *

A man who has right work in mind
Must choose the instruments most fitting.
Consider what soft wood you have for splitting,
And keep in view for whom you write.

* * *

The modes of living and of writing become as varied as they are, from the fact that every one wavers theoretically between knowledge and error, and practically between creation and destruction.

* * *

Just as one embraces the determination to become a soldier, and go to the wars, and courageously resolves to bear danger and difficulties, as well as to endure wounds and pains and even death — but at the same time never calls to mind the particular cases in which those generally anticipated evils may surprise us in an

extremely unpleasant manner. So it is with every one who ventures out into the world, especially an author.

***

"And so I, in tale adjoining,
Lift old treasures into day:
If not gold or perfect coining,
They are metals anyway:
Thou canst sort them, thou canst sunder,
Thou canst melt and make them one —
Then take that with smiling wonder,
Stamp it like thyself, my son."

***

Tilling the soil is not to my liking — this first and most necessary of man's occupations is disagreeable to me. In it, man does but ape nature, who scatters her seeds everywhere, whereas man would choose that a particular field should produce none but one particular fruit. But things do not go on exactly so — the weeds spring up luxuriantly — the cold and wet injures the crop, or the hail cuts it off entirely. The poor husbandman anxiously waits throughout the year to see how the cards will decide the game with the clouds, and determine whether he shall win or lose his stakes.

Such a doubtful, ambiguous condition may be right suitable to man, in his present ignorance, while he knows not whence he came, nor whether he is going. It may then be tolerable to man to resign all his labors to chance: and thus the parson, at any rate, has an opportunity, when things look thoroughly bad, to remind him

of Providence, and to connect the sins of his flock with the incidents of nature.

***

Many a time and oft I wish I were a common laborer; that awakening in the morning, I might have but one prospect, one pursuit, one hope, for the day which has dawned.

***

"It is being without occupation which is really fretting him. The many accomplishments which he has cultivated in himself, it is his only pleasure — indeed, it is his passion — to be daily and hourly exercising for the benefit of others. And now, to sit still, with his arms folded; or to go on studying, acquiring and acquiring, when he can make no use of what he already possesses; — it is a painful situation; and, alone as he is, he feels it doubly and trebly."

***

I find a great advantage in being much occupied, and the number of persons I meet, and their different pursuits, create a varied entertainment for me.

***

Strange enough that even in one's most independent actions, one expects, nay, requires a stimulus.

***

One must first accomplish something one's self, nay, fail in something, to learn to know one's own capacities and those of others.

* * *

Works of public interest can only be carried through by an uncontrolled absolute authority.

* * *

He maintained that with man the first and last consideration was activity, and that we could not act on anything without the proper gifts for it, without an instinct impelling us to it. "You admit," he used to say, "that poets must be born such; you admit this with regard to all professors of the fine arts; because you must admit it, because those workings of human nature cannot very plausibly be aped. But if we consider well, we shall find that every capability, however slight, is born with us; that there is no vague general capability in men. It is our ambiguous, dissipating education that makes men uncertain; it awakens wishes, when it should be animating tendencies; instead of forwarding our real capacities, it turns our efforts towards objects which are frequently discordant with the mind that aims at them. I augur better of a child, a youth who is wandering astray on a path of his own, than of many who are walking aright upon paths which are not theirs. If the former, either by themselves, or by the guidance of others, ever find the right path, that is to say, the path which suits their nature, they will never leave it; while the latter are in danger every moment of shaking off a foreign yoke, and abandoning themselves to unrestricted license.

* * *

There is something terrible in the sight of a highly-gifted man lying under obligations to a fool.

***

If we meet a person who is under an obligation to us, we remember it immediately. But how often may we meet people to whom we are ourselves under obligation without its even occurring to us!

***

Let us live in as small a circle as we will, we are either debtors or creditors before we have had time to look around.

***

Thus, in a short time, by her merciless criticism, the beautiful variegated meadows at the foot of the German Parnassus where I was fond of luxuriating, were mercilessly mowed down, and I was even compelled to toss about the dying hay myself, and to ridicule that as lifeless which, a short time before, had given me such lively joy.

. . . . . .

Satire and criticism — two hereditary foes of all comfortable life.

***

The presence of danger generally exercises on man a kind of attraction, and calls forth a spirit of opposition in the human breast to defy it.

. . . . . .

Danger, alas! will take from a man all power of reflection,
So that he grasps things worthless and leaves what is precious behind him.

* * *

This much is certain, that the undetermined, widely expanding feelings of youth and of uncultivated nations are alone adapted to the sublime, which, if it is to be excited in us through external objects, formless, or moulded into incomprehensible forms, must surround us with a greatness to which we are not equal.

All men, more or less, feel such a disposition of the soul, and seek to satisfy this noble necessity in various ways. But as the sublime is easily produced by twilight and night, when objects are blended, it is, on the other hand, scared away by the day, which separates and sunders everything, and so must it also be destroyed by every increase of cultivation, if it be not fortunate enough to take refuge with the beautiful, and unite itself closely with it, by which both become equally undying and indestructible.

* * *

The sublime produces a beautiful calmness in the soul which entirely possessed by it, feels as great as it ever can feel. When we compare such a feeling with that we are sensible of, when we laboriously harass ourselves with some trifle, and strain every nerve to gain as much as possible for it, and as it were to patch it out, striving to furnish joy and aliment to the mind from its own creation, we then feel sensibly what a poor expedient, after all, the latter is.

* * *

It lies in my nature to admire, willingly and joyfully, all that is great and beautiful, and the cultivation of

this talent, day after day, hour after hour, by the inspection of beautiful objects, produces the happiest feelings.

. . . . . .

We ought to acquaint ourselves with the beautiful; we ought to contemplate it with rapture, and attempt to raise ourselves up to its height. And in order to gain strength for that we must keep ourselves thoroughly unselfish — we must not make it our own, but rather seek to communicate it: indeed, to make a sacrifice of it to those who are dear and precious to us.

* * *

You resemble the spirit which you understand.

. . . . . .

When we know how to appreciate a merit we have the germ of it within ourselves.

. . . . . .

We know that men will treat with derision
Whatever they cannot understand.

* * *

The thoughts we have had, the pictures we have seen, can be again called up before the mind and the imagination; but the heart is not so complaisant; it will not repeat its agreeable emotions. And least of all are we able to recall moments of enthusiasm; they come upon us unprepared, and we yield to them unconsciously. For this reason, others who observe us at such moments have a better and clearer insight into what passes within us, than we ourselves.

* * *

Who understands his master, more easily gives satisfaction.

* * *

It is, indeed, a tedious and withal a melancholy business to take too much care of ourselves, and of what injures and benefits us; but there is no question but that with the wonderful idiosyncrasy of human nature on the one side, and the infinite variety in the mode of life and pleasure on the other, it is a wonder that the human race has not worn itself out long ago. Human nature appears to possess a peculiar kind of toughness and many-sidedness, since it subdues everything which approaches it, or which it takes into itself, and if it cannot assimilate, at least makes it indifferent.

Could we, without being morbidly anxious, keep watch over ourselves as to what operates favorably or unfavorably upon us in our complicated civil and social life, and would we leave off what is actually pleasant to us as an enjoyment, for the sake of the evil consequences, we should thus know how to remove with ease many an inconvenience which, with a constitution otherwise sound, often troubles us more than even a disease.

Unfortunately, it is in dietetics as in morals; we cannot see into a fault until we have got rid of it; by which nothing is gained, for the next fault is not like the preceding one, and therefore cannot be recognized under the same form.

* * *

Werner was one of those tired sedate persons, with fixed principles and habits, whom we usually denominate

cold characters, because in emergencies they do not burst forth quickly or very visibly.

* * *

A Protestant country clergyman is, perhaps, the most beautiful subject for a modern idyl; he appears, like Melchizedek, as priest and king in one person. To the most innocent situation which can be imagined on earth, to that of a husbandman, he is, for the most part, united by similarity of occupation, as well as by equality in family relationships; he is a father, a master of a family, an agriculturist, and thus perfectly a member of the community. On this pure, beautiful, earthly foundation, rests his higher calling; to him is it given to guide men through life, to take care of their spiritual education, to bless them at all the leading epochs of their existence, to instruct, to strengthen, to console them, and, if consolation is not sufficient for the present to call up and guarantee the hope of a happier future. Imagine such a man with pure human sentiments, strong enough not to deviate from them under any circumstances, and by this elevated above the multitude, of whom one cannot expect purity and firmness; give him the learning necessary for his office, as well as a cheerful, equable activity, which is even passionate, as it neglects no moment to do good, — and you will have him well endowed. But at the same time add the necessary limitation, so that he must not only pause in a small circle, but may also perchance pass over to a smaller, grant him good nature, placability, resolution, and everything else praiseworthy that springs from a decided character, and over all this a cheerful spirit of compliance, and a smiling toleration of his own

failings and those of others, — then you will have put together pretty well the image of our excellent vicar of Wakefield.

The delineation of this character on his course of life through joys and sorrows, the ever-increasing interest of the story, by the combination of the entirely natural with the strange and the singular, make this novel one of the best that has ever been written; besides this, it has the great advantage that it is quite moral, nay, in a pure sense, Christian — represents the reward of a good will and perseverance in the right, strengthens an unconditional confidence in God, and attests the final triumph of good over evil; and all this without a trace of cant or pedantry. The author was preserved from both of these by an elevation of mind that shows itself throughout in the form of irony, by which this little work must appear to us as wise as it is amiable.

The author, Dr. Goldsmith, has without question great insight into the moral world, into its strength and its infirmities; but at the same time he can thankfully acknowledge that he is an Englishman, and reckon highly the advantages that his country and his nation afford him.

The family, with the delineation of which he occupies himself, stands upon one of the last steps of citizen comfort, and yet comes in contact with the highest; its narrow circle, which becomes still more contracted, touches upon the great world through the natural and civil course of things; this little skiff floats on the agitated waves of English life, and in weal or woe it has to expect injury or help from the vast fleet which sails around it.

I may suppose that my readers know this work and have it in memory; whoever hears it named for the first time here, as well as he who is induced to read it again, will thank me.

* * *

Considered both from the sensual and moral side, Klopstock was a pure young man. Seriously and thoroughly educated, he places, from his youth upwards, a great value upon himself and upon whatever he does, and while considerately measuring out beforehand the steps of his life, turns, with a presentiment of the whole strength of his internal nature, towards the loftiest and most grateful theme. The *Messiah*, a name which betokens infinite attributes, was to be glorified afresh by him. The Redeemer was to be the hero whom the poet thought to accompany through earthly lowliness and sorrows to the highest heavenly triumphs. Everything Godlike, angelic, and human that lay in the young soul was here called into requisition. Brought up by the Bible and nourished by its strength, he now lives with patriarchs, prophets, and forerunners, as if they were present; yet all these are only evoked from ages to draw a bright halo round the One whose humiliation they behold with astonishment, and in whose exaltation they are gloriously to bear a part. For at last, after gloomy and horrible hours, the everlasting judge will unveil his face, again acknowledge his Son and fellow-God, who, on the other hand, will again lead to Him alienated men, nay, even a fallen spirit. The living heavens shout with a thousand angel voices round the throne and a radiance of love gushes out over the uni-

verse, which shortly before had fastened its looks upon a fearful place of sacrifice.

The heavenly peace which Klopstock felt in the conception and execution of this poem, communicates itself even now to every one who reads the first ten cantos, without allowing certain requisitions to be brought forward, which an advancing cultivation does not willingly abandon.

The dignity of the subject elevated in the poet the feeling of his own personality. That he himself would enter hereafter into those choirs, that the God-man would distinguish him, nay, give him face to face the reward for his labors, which even here every feeling, pious heart had fondly paid in many a pure tear — these are such innocent, childlike thoughts and hopes, as only a well-constituted mind can conceive and cherish. Thus Klopstock gained the perfect right to regard himself as a consecrated person, and thus in his actions he studied the most scrupulous purity.

. . . . . .

Klopstock had something of the diplomatist in his bearing. Such a man undertakes the difficult task of supporting, at the same time, his own dignity and that of a superior to whom he is responsible; of advancing his own interest, together with the much more inportant interest of a prince, or even of a whole State; and of making himself, beyond all things, pleasing to other men while in this critical position.

***

It was one of the points on which he was most resolute with himself, never to leave anything which he

had taken in hand uncompleted, unless he could see his place satisfactorily supplied. And he could not but hold in small respect, persons who introduce confusion around themselves only to make their absence felt, and are ready to disturb in wanton selfishness what they will not be at hand to restore.

* * *

I always had a great desire to be good myself, and to find good in others.

* * *

He could only live in a moral religious atmosphere of love; without sympathy, without hearty response, he could not exist; he demanded mutual attachment; where he was not known, he was silent; where he was only known, not loved, he was sad; accordingly he got on best with those well-disposed persons who can set themselves down for life in their assigned vocation and go to work to perfect themselves in their narrow but peaceful sphere.

Such persons succeed pretty well in stifling vanity, in renouncing the pursuit of outward power, in acquiring a circumspect way of speaking, and in preserving a uniformly friendly manner towards companions and neighbors.

Frequently we may observe in this class traces of a certain form of mental character, modified by individual varieties; such persons, accidentally excited, attach great weight to the course of their experience; they consider everything a supernatural determination, in the conviction that God interferes immediately with the course of the world.

With all this there is associated a certain disposition to abide in his present state, and yet at the same time to allow themselves to be pushed or led on, which results from a certain indecision to act of themselves. The latter is increased by the miscarriage of the wisest plans, as well as by the accidental success brought about by the unforeseen concurrence of favorable occurrences.

* * *

By his cast of mind, Lavater was a decided realist, and knew of nothing ideal except in a moral form. The conception of Humanity which had been formed in him, was so completely akin to the living image of Christ which he cherished in his heart, that it was impossible for him to understand how a man could live and breathe without being a Christian. Pure himself, he created around him a pure circle. At his side one became like a maiden, for fear of presenting before him anything repulsive.

* * *

He did not know how to curb himself, and so his life, like his poetry, melted away with him.

* * *

She had learned, among the lessons of her life, how highly true regard is to be prized in a world where indifference or dislike are the common natural residents.

* * *

Any friend whose favor she had need of, she could flatter with peculiar adroitness; could give in to his ideas so long as she could understand them; and, when they

went beyond her own horizon, could hail with ecstasy such new and brilliant visions. She understood well when to speak and when to keep silence; and though her disposition was not spiteful, she could spy out with great expertness where another's weak side lay.

—she had the gift of seeing an opportunity.

* * *

When she cast her serene glance over earthly things, what was confusion to us children of earth, at once grew plain before her, and she could almost always point out the right way, because she looked at the labyrinth from above, and was not herself entangled in it.

* * *

I am repeatedly told that the people who have met me on my journey are little satisfied with me. I can readily believe that, for neither has any one of them contributed to my satisfaction. I cannot tell how it comes to pass that society oppresses me; that the forms of politeness are disagreeable to me; that what people talk about does not interest me; that all that they show to me is either quite indifferent, or else produces quite an opposite impression to what they expect.

* * *

With men I get on rather better; for I feel that one can weigh them by avoirdupois weight, and not by the jeweller's scales as, unfortunately, friends too often weigh one another in their hypochondriacal humours and in an over-exacting spirit.

* * *

Generally known is that torture of self-examination

which in the lack of all outward grievances, had now become fashionable, and which disturbed the very best minds. That which gives but a transient pain to ordinary men who never themselves meditate on that which they seek to banish from their minds, was, by the better order, acutely observed, regarded, and recorded in books, letters, and diaries. But now men united the strictest moral requisitions on themselves and others with an excessive negligence in action; and vague notions arising from this half self-knowledge misled them into the strangest habits and out-of-the-way practices.

This painful work of self-contemplation was justified by the rising empirical psychology which, while it was not exactly willing to pronounce everything that produces inward disquiet to be wicked and objectionable, still could not give it an unconditional approval, and thus was originated an eternal and inappeasable contest.

In carrying on, and sustaining this conflict, Lenz surpassed all the other idlers and dabblers who were occupied in mining into their own souls. He had a decided inclination to intrigue, and, indeed, to intrigue for its own sake, without having in view any special object, any reasonable, attainable end to be gained.

In this way all his life long his imagination made him play a false part; his love, as well as his hate, was imaginary; he dealt with his thoughts and feelings in a wilful manner, so as always to have something to do. He never benefited any one whom he loved, and never injured any one whom he hated. In general he seemed to sin only to punish himself, and to intrigue for no purpose but to graft a new fable upon an old one.

***

He belonged to the many to whom life offers no results, and who, therefore, from first to last, exert themselves on individual objects.

***

When I was a boy, I planted a cherry-tree, and watched its growth with delight. Spring frosts killed the blossoms, and I had to wait another year before the cherries were ripe — then the birds ate them; another year the caterpillars; then a greedy neighbor; then the blight. Nevertheless when I have a garden again, I shall again plant a cherry-tree!

***

— He poured himself out forever upon details, and span an endless thread without any purpose.

— One of those men who dream away their lives in a comfortable state of being busy.

***

He called to memory the time when his spirit, rich in hope and full of boundless aims, was raised aloft and encircled with the liveliest enjoyments of every kind as with its proper element. He now clearly saw that of late he had fallen into a broken, wandering path, where, if he tasted, it was but in drops what he once quaffed in unrestricted measure. But he could not see what want it was that nature had made the law of his being; and that this want had been but half-satisfied, and mis-directed by the circumstances of his life.

***

The principle to which all of Hamann's expressions may be referred is this, "All that man undertakes to perform, whether by deed, by word, or otherwise, must proceed from all his powers united; everything isolated is worthless." A noble maxim but hard to follow. To life and art, it may indeed be applied, but in every communication by words, that is not exactly poetic, there is, on the contrary, a grand difficulty; for a word must sever itself, isolate itself, to say or signify anything. Man, while he speaks, must for the moment become one-sided; there is no communication, no instruction, without severing.

He (Hamann) feeling the superiority of his mental gifts, in the most *naïve* manner, always considered himself somewhat wiser and more shrewd than his correspondents, whom he treated rather ironically than heartily.

***

This strong-willed, resolute person was only too well aware that there is a certain moment in which alone it will answer to smite the iron.

***

He lived much within himself, and when he was with others, his only relation to them generally was in active employment on their behalf; but if once, when among friends, his tongue broke fairly loose, he rolled out his words in utter recklessness, whether they wounded or whether they pleased, whether they did evil or whether they did good.

***

It required the peremptory resolution of this man to set aside the innumerable considerations, arguments, hesitations, difficulties; what this person knew, and that person knew better; the opinions, up and down, and backwards and forwards, which every friend volunteered. It always happens on such occasions that when one inconvenience is removed, a fresh inconvenience seems to arise; and in wishing to spare all sides, we inevitably go wrong on one side or the other.

***

Though he knew very well what was really valuable, he never, as so many persons do, made people who were showing him things of their own, uncomfortable by requiring more than the circumstances admitted of, or by mentioning anything more perfect, which he remembered having seen elsewhere. He did not like bringing his own notions in collision with those of others. He had learned by experience that the motives and purposes by which men are influenced, are far too various to be made to coalesce upon a single point, even on the most solid representations.

***

By her repentance and her resolution she felt herself freed from the burden of her fault and her misfortune. In the bottom of her heart she had forgiven herself solely under condition of the fullest renunciation, and is was a condition which would remain binding for all time to come.

***

Her strength and the various discipline in which, through life, she had trained herself, came to her assistance in the conflict. Accustomed as she had always been to look steadily into herself and to control herself, she did not now find it difficult, with an earnest effort, to come to the resolution which she desired.

Strengthened by her love for him in all good, more light and happy in her work for his sake, and more frank and open towards others, she found herself in a heaven upon earth.

The great purpose of her life seemed to consist in rendering services to others, and it is easy to suppose that her numerous friends never failed to provide her with employment.

***

He does not fancy himself over-wise, but believes he knows more than other people.

***

Both were thoughtful, clear in their wills, and firm in their purposes. Each, separately, was beloved and respected by his or her companions, but whenever they were together they were always antagonists. Forming separate plans for themselves, they only met mutually to cross and thwart one another; never emulating each other in pursuit of one aim, but always fighting for a single object. Good-natured and amiable everywhere else, they were spiteful and even malicious whenever they came in contact.

* * *

With her, as with all people who employ themselves on such matters simply as amateurs, the important thing is, rather that she shall do something than that something shall be done. Such persons feel their way; they have fancies for this plan or that; they do not venture on removing obstacles. They are not bold enough to make a sacrifice. They do not know beforehand in what their work is to result. They try an experiment — it succeeds — it fails; they alter, perhaps, what they ought to leave alone, and leave what they ought to alter; and so, at last, there always remains but a patchwork, which pleases and amuses, but never satisfies.

* * *

Her old plans she could not give up, the new she would not quite throw from her; but, divided as she was, for the present she put a stop to the work, and gave herself time to think the thing over, and let it ripen by itself.

* * *

We will not attempt to describe what she went through, or how she wept. She suffered infinitely. She prayed that God would help her only over this one day. The day passed, and the night, and when she came to herself again she felt herself a changed being.

She had not grown composed. She was not resigned, but after having lost what she had lost, she was still alive and there was still something for her to fear.

* * *

Although she knew well how little words can do

against the power of passion, yet she knew, too, the sure though slow influence of thought and reflection.

* * *

The French, who generally aim at good behavior, are indulgent towards foreigners who begin to speak their language; they will not laugh any one out of countenance at a fault, or blame him in direct terms. However, since they cannot endure sins committed against their language, they have a manner of repeating, and, as it were, courteously confirming what has been said with another turn, at the same time making all arrange itself around you, and seem to proceed from you.

* * *

"I tell thee, friend, a speculating churl
Is like a beast, some evil spirit chases
Along a barren heath in one perpetual whirl,
While round about lies fair, green pasturing places."

* * *

For a week past we have had the most wretched weather, but this to me is a blessing, for during my residence here, not a single fine day has beamed from the heavens, but has been lost to me by the intrusion of somebody. During the severity of rain, sleet, frost and storm, I congratulate myself that it cannot be worse in doors than abroad, nor worse abroad than it is within doors, and so I become reconciled. When the sun rises bright in the morning and promises a glorious day, I never omit to exclaim, "There now, they have another blessing from Heaven, which they will be

sure to destroy; " they spoil everything — health, fame, happiness, amusement — and they do this generally through folly, ignorance or imbecility, and always, according to their own account, with the best intentions.

I could often beseech them, on my bended knees, to be less resolved upon their own destruction.

* * *

Many men as I have seen, I still regard my father as a very extraordinary person. His character was noble and upright; his ideas were enlarged, I may even say great; to himself he was severe; in all his plans there was a rigid order, in all his operations an unbroken perseverance. In one sense, therefore, it was easy to transact and live with him: yet owing to the very qualities which made it so, he never could accommodate himself to life; for he required from the State, from his neighbors, from his children and his servants, the observance of all the laws which he had laid upon himself. His most moderate demands became exorbitant by his rigor: and he never could attain to enjoyment, for nothing ever was completed as he had forecast it.

* * *

He had too little knowledge of the world to understand that persons, quite unstable and incapable of all improvement, frequently accuse themselves in the bitterest manner, confessing and deploring their faults with extreme ingenuousness, though they possess not the smallest power within them to retire from that course, along which the irresistible tendency of their nature is dragging them forward.

* * *

At length, after a stormy March and April, the loveliest May weather seemed to be allotted me. With good health, I enjoyed an indescribable composure of mind: look around me as I pleased, my loss appeared a gain to me. Young, and full of sensibility, I thought the universe a thousand times more beautiful than formerly, when I required to have society and play, that in the fair garden tedium might not overtake me. And now, as I did not conceal my piety, I likewise took heart to own my love for the sciences and arts. I drew, painted, read; and found enough of people to support me: instead of the great world, which I had left, or rather which had left me, a smaller one formed itself about me, which was infinitely richer and more entertaining.

* * *

For many years, he has not felt the smallest interest in anything without him, scarcely paid the smallest notice to it: wrapped up in himself, he has looked at nothing but his own hollow empty Me, which seemed to him like an immeasurable abyss.

* * *

He taught us, that we never should inspect the conduct of men, unless we at the same time took an interest in improving it; and that through action only could we ever be in a condition to inspect and watch ourselves.

* * *

There is an oak-tree planted in a costly jar, which

should have borne only pleasant flowers in its bosom; the roots expand, the jar is shivered.

A lovely, pure, noble and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which forms a hero, sinks beneath a burden which it cannot bear and must not cast away. All duties are holy for him; the present is too hard. Impossibilities have been required of him; not in themselves impossibilities, but such for him. He winds, and turns, and torments himself; he advances and recoils; is ever put in mind, ever puts himself in mind; at last does all but lose his purpose from his thoughts; yet still without recovering his peace of mind.

* * *

Every cultivated person knows how he has had to strive against a certain rudeness both in himself and others; how much his culture costs him; how apt he is, after all, in certain cases, to recollect himself alone, forgetting what he owes to others. How often has a worthy person to reproach himself for having failed to act with proper delicacy! And when a fair nature too delicately, too conscientiously cultivates, nay, if you will, overcultivates itself, there seems to be no toleration, no indulgence for it in the world. Yet such persons are, without us, what the ideal of perfection is within us: models not for being imitated, but for being aimed at.

* * *

As the aspect of a well-formed person pleases us, so also does a fair establishment, by means of which the presence of a rational intelligent mind is manifested. We feel a joy in entering even a cleanly house, though

it may be tasteless in its structure and its decorations; because it shows us the presence of a person cultivated in at least one sense. Doubly pleasing is it, therefore, when from a human dwelling, the spirit of higher though merely sensual culture speaks to us.

* * *

Let us merely keep a clear and steady eye on what is in ourselves; on what endowments of our own we mean to cultivate; let us be just to others; for we ourselves are only to be valued in so far as we can value.

* * *

It is inconceivable how much a man of true culture can accomplish for himself and others, if, without attempting to rule, he can be the guardian over many; can induce them to do that in season, which they are at any rate disposed enough to do; can guide them to their objects, which in general they see with due distinctness, though they miss the road to them. Let us make a league for this; it is no enthusiasm; but an idea which may be fully executed, which indeed is often executed, only with imperfect consciousness, by people of benevolence and worth.

* * *

"Yes, he has thy noble searching and striving for the better, whereby we of ourselves produce the good which we suppose we find. How often have I blamed thee, not in silence, for treating this or that person, for acting in this or that case, otherwise than I should have done; and yet in general the issue showed that thou wert right. 'When we take people,' thou wouldst say,

'merely as they are,' we make worse; when we treat them as if they were what they should be, we improve them as far as they can be improved."

***

Our wishes are presentiments of the capabilities which lie within us, and harbingers of that which we shall be in a condition to perform. Whatever we are able and would like to do, presents itself to our imagination, as without us and in the future; we feel a longing after that which we already possess in secret. Thus a passionate, anticipating grasp changes the truly possible into a dreamed reality.

Now if such a bias lies decidedly in our nature, then, with every step of our development will a part of the wish be fulfilled — under favorable circumstances in the direct way, under unfavorable in the circuitous way, from which we always come back again to the other.

***

I am contented. I am happy. That I feel; and yet the whole centre of my joy is an overflowing yearning toward something which I have not, something which my soul perceives dimly.

***

God give me, this new year, what is good for me; may He do the same for all, and if we pray for nothing more than this, we may certainly hope that He will give it us.

***

So many accidental hindrances are associated with human limitations, that here, a thing once begun

remains unfinished, there, that which is already grasped falls out of the hand, and one wish after another is dissipated. But had these wishes sprung out of a pure heart, and in conformity with the necessities of the times, one might composedly let them lie and fall right and left, and be assured that these must not only be found out and picked up again, but that also many kindred things, which one has never touched and never even thought of, will come to light.

If now, during our own lifetime, we see that performed by others to which we ourselves felt an earlier call but had been obliged to give up with much besides; then the beautiful feeling enters the mind, that only mankind together is the true man, and that the individual can only be joyous and happy when he has the courage to feel himself in the whole.

* * *

Our wishes oft hide from ourselves the object we wish for;
Gifts come down from above in the shapes appointed by Heaven.

* * *

We are never further from our wishes than when we imagine that we possess what we have desired.

In order that our enjoyment may be perfect, we must always have something behind still to wish for.

* * *

We like to look into the future, because the undetermined in it, which may be affected this or that way, we feel as if we could guide by our silent wishes in our own favor.

* * *

And thus, as has often been the case, a vague desire of practical improvement, brought me a secret peace of mind, at a time when it could scarcely be hoped for.

* * *

The greatest happiness rests on a sense of longing, and genuine longing can only be directed to something unattainable.

* * *

Everything which is perfect in its kind, must pass out beyond and transcend its kind. It must be an inimitable something of another and higher nature. In many of its tones the nightingale is only a bird; then it rises up above its class, and seems as if it would teach every feathered creature what singing really is.

* * *

God help me further, and give me light that I may not so much stand in my own way, but see to do from morning till evening the work which lies before me and obtain a clear conception of the order of things; that I be not as those who spend the day in complaining of headache, and the night in drinking the wine which gives the headache!

* * *

Direct irony should be used but extremely seldom; for in the long run, it becomes annoying to clear-sighted men, perplexes the weak, while indeed it pleases the great middle class, who, without any special expanse of mind, can fancy themselves more knowing than others.

***

The boldly hazarded stroke of wit has this peculiarity, that at the moment it pleases us while it astonishes us by its boldness, but when told afterwards it sounds offensive and disgusts us.

***

Suicide is an event of human nature which, whatever may be said and done with respect to it, demands the sympathy of every man, and in every epoch must be discussed anew.

***

Whoever strikes at marriage, either by word or act, undermines the foundation of all moral society. Marriage is the beginning and end of all culture. It makes the savage mild; and the most cultivated has no better opportunity for displaying his gentleness. Indissoluble it must be, because it brings so much happiness that what small exceptional unhappiness it may bring counts for nothing in the balance. And what do men mean by talking of unhappiness? Impatience it is which from time to time comes over them, and then they fancy themselves unhappy. Let them wait till the moment is gone by, and then they will bless their good fortune that what has stood so long remains standing. There never can be any adequate ground for separation. The condition of man is pitched so high, in its joys and in its sorrows, that the sum which two married people owe to one another defies calculation. It is an infinite debt, which can only be discharged through all eternity.

Its annoyances marriage may often have; I can well believe that, and it is as it should be. We are all mar-

ried to our consciences, and there are times when we should be glad to be divorced from them; mine gives me more annoyance than ever a man or woman can give.

* * *

In a comedy we see a marriage as the last aim of a desire which is hindered and crossed through a number of acts, and at the instant when it is reached, the curtain falls, and the momentary satisfaction continues to ring on in our ears. But in the world it is very different. The play goes on still behind the scenes, and when the curtain rises again we may see and hear, perhaps, little enough of the marriage.

* * *

We are not always youths; we ought not always to be children. To the man who knows the world, who understands what he should do in it, what he should hope from it, nothing can be more desirable than meeting with a wife who will everywhere coöperate with him, who will everywhere prepare his way for him; whose diligence takes up what his must leave; whose occupation spreads itself on every side, while his must travel forward on its single path.

Not the heaven of an enthusiastic bliss, but of a sure life on earth; order in prosperity, courage in adversity, care for the smallest, and a spirit capable of comprehending and managing the greatest. Oh! I saw in her the qualities which, when developed, make such women as we find in history; whose excellence appears to us far preferable to that of men; this clearness of view; this expertness in all emergencies; this sureness in

details, which brings the whole so accurately out, although they never seem to think of it.

* * *

"I am yours, as I am and as you know me. I call you mine, as you are and as I know you. What in ourselves, what in our connection wedlock changes, we shall study to adjust, by reason, cheerfulness and mutual good will."

* * *

In the marriage state, even this is not the case; for although it is but a duett, and you might think two voices, or even two instruments, might in some degree be attuned to each other, yet this happens very seldom; for while the man gives out one tone, the wife directly takes a higher one, and the man again a higher; and so it rises from the chamber to the choral pitch, and farther and farther, till at last wind instruments themselves cannot reach it.

* * *

Festivities are fit for what is happily concluded; at the commencement, they but waste the force and zeal which should inspire us in the struggle, and support us through a long-continued labor. Of all festivities, the marriage festival appears the most unsuitable; calmness, humility and silent hope befit no ceremony more than this.

* * *

From of old, I had looked on a promise as in the highest degree sacred. Whoever asked anything of me embarrassed me. I had so accustomed myself to refuse, that I did not even promise what I purposed to

perform. Why do we presume to promise anything depending on an unknown future? The most slight engagement we have not power to keep; far less a purpose of importance.

* * *

Untruth may bring us into embarrassment quite as well as truth; and when we reckon up how often the former or the latter profits us, it really seems most prudent, once for all, to devote ourselves to what is true.

* * *

All hearts, too, in all places,
Wherever Heaven pours down the day's broad blessing,
Each in its own way the truth is confessing;
And why not I in mine, too?

* * *

In a well-ordered state even the right must not be brought about in a wrong way.

* * *

Whatever does not possess an intrinsic vitality cannot live long, and can neither be nor ever become great.

* * *

He made me look upon it as a duty that I too, in my own department, should be true, spirited, enlivening.

* * *

For, each man commonly defends himself as long as possible from casting out the idols which he worships in his soul, from acknowledging a master error, and admitting any truth which brings him to despair.

* * *

He looked again at the beggar. "Happy wretch!" he cried, "you can still feed upon the alms of yesterday — and I cannot any more on the happiness of yesterday."

* * *

Can any one blame an unfortunate man because he is unable to rejoice? My wretchedness has made me dead to the good which still remains to me. I am in dull, inactive repose; that is not happiness. And in this quietude my imagination is so stagnant, that I can no longer picture to myself what was once dearest to me.

* * *

"Heart, my heart, O, what hath changed thee?
What doth weigh on thee so sore?
What hath from myself estranged thee,
That I scarcely know thee more?

Gone is all which once seemed dearest,
Gone the care which once was nearest,
Gone thy toils and tranquil bliss,
Ah! how couldst thou come to this?"

* * *

Happy mortal, who can ascribe your wretchedness to an earthly cause! You do not know, you do not feel, that in your own distracted heart, and disordered brain, dwells the source of that unhappiness, which all the potentates on earth cannot relieve.

* * *

I enjoy no single moment of happiness; all is vain — nothing touches me. I stand, as it were, before the

raree-show, I see the little puppets move, and I ask whether it is not an optical delusion. I am amused with these puppets, or rather, I am myself one of them, but when I sometimes grasp my neighbor's hand, I feel that it is not natural, and I withdraw mine with a shudder.

In the evening I say I will enjoy the next morning's sunrise, and yet I remain in bed; in the day I promise to ramble by moonlight, and I, nevertheless, remain at home. I know not why I rise, nor why I go to sleep.

* * *

To all the mind conceives of great and glorious
A strange and baser mixture still adheres;
Striving for earthly good are we victorious?
A dream and cheat the better part appears.
The feelings that could once such noble life inspire
Are quenched and trampled out in passion's mire.
Where Fantasy, evenwhile, with daring flight
Out to the infinite her wings expanded,
A little space can now suffice her quite,
When hope on hope time's gulf has wrecked and stranded."

* * *

"I am reduced to the condition of those unfortunate wretches who believe they are pursued by an evil spirit. Sometimes I am oppressed — not by apprehension or fear — but by an inexpressible internal sensation, which weighs upon my heart and impedes my breath! Then I wander forth at night, even in this tempestuous season, and feel pleasure in surveying the dreadful scenes around me. Yesterday evening I went forth. I beheld a fearful sight. The foaming torrents rolled

from the mountains in the moonlight,— fields and meadows, trees and hedges, were confounded together, and the entire valley was converted into a deep lake, which was agitated by a roaring wind! And when the moon shone forth and tinged the black clouds with silver, and the impetuous torrent at my feet foamed and resounded with awful and grand impetuosity, I was overcome by a mingled sensation of apprehension and delight.

"With extended arms I looked down into the yawning abyss and cried, 'Phinge!' For a moment, my senses forsook me, in the intense delight of ending my sorrows and my sufferings by a plunge into that gulf. And then I felt as if I were rooted to the earth, and incapable of seeking an end to my woes! But my hour is not yet come; I feel it is not. O Wilhelm, how willingly could I abandon my existence to ride the whirlwind or to embrace the torrent! and then might not rapture perchance be the portion of this liberated soul?"

* * *

Let that man die unconsoled who can deride the invalid for undertaking a journey to distant healthful springs, where he often finds only a heavier disease, and a more painful death, or who can exult over the despairing mind of a sinner who to obtain peace of conscience and an alleviation of misery, makes a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre! Each laborious step which galls his wounded feet in rough and untrodden paths pours a drop of balm into his troubled soul, and the journey of many a weary day brings a mighty relief to his anguished heart.

Will you dare call this enthusiasm, ye crowd of pompous declaimers? Enthusiasm! O God! thou seest my tears. Thou hast allotted us our portion of misery; must we also have brethren to persecute us, to deprive us of our consolation, of our trust in thee, and in thy love and mercy? For our trust in the virtue of the healing root, or in the strength of the vine, what is it else than a belief in Thee, from whom all that surrounds us derives its healing and restoring powers.

Father, whom I know not — who wert once wont to fill my soul, but who now hidest thy face from me — call me back to thee; be silent no longer; thy silence shall not delay a soul which thirsts after thee.

What man, what father, could be angry with a son for returning to him suddenly, for falling on his neck, and exclaiming, "I am here again, my father! forgive me if I have anticipated my journey, and returned before the appointed time! The world is everywhere the same — a scene of labor and of pain, of pleasure and reward; but what does it all avail? I am happy only where thou art; and in thy presence am I content to suffer or enjoy. And wouldst thou, Heavenly Father, banish such a child from thy presence?"

* * *

"It is well," he cried; "for the man who is happy, who has all that he desires, to talk; but he would be ashamed of it if he could see how intolerable it was to the sufferer. Nothing short of an infinite endurance would be enough, and easy and contented as he was, what could he know of an infinite agony!

"There are cases, yes, there are, where comfort is a

lie, and despair is a duty. Go, heap your scorn upon the noble Greek, who well knows how to delineate heroes, when in their anguish, he lets those heroes weep. He has even a proverb, 'Men who can weep are good.' Leave me, all you with dry heart and dry eyes. Curses on the happy to whom the wretched serve but as a spectacle. When body and soul are torn to pieces with agony, they are to bear it — yes, to be noble and bear it, if they are to be allowed to go off the scene with applause. Like the gladiators, they must die gracefully before the eyes of the multitude."

* * *

"For all the world a devil in despair
Is just the insipidest thing I know of."

* * *

Human nature has its limits. It is able to endure a certain degree of joy, sorrow, and pain, but becomes annihilated as soon as this measure is exceeded. The question, therefore, is, not whether a man is strong or weak, but whether he is able to endure the measure of his sufferings? The suffering may be moral or physical; and in my opinion it is just as absurd to call a man a coward who destroys himself as to call a man a coward who dies of a malignant fever.

* * *

Observe a man in his natural, isolated condition, consider how ideas work, and how impressions fasten upon him till at length a violent passion seizes him, destroying all his powers of calm reflection, and provoking his utter ruin.

It is in vain that a man of sound mind and cool temper understands the condition of such a wretched being, in vain he counsels him! He can no more communicate his own wisdom to him than a healthy man can instill his strength into the invalid, by whose bedside he is seated.

* * *

"To yonder spheres I dare no more aspire,
Whence the sweet tidings downward float;
And yet, from childhood heard, the old, familiar note
Calls back, e'en now to life my warm desire.
Ah! once how sweetly fell on me the kiss
Of heavenly love in the still Sabbath stealing!
Prophetically rang the bells with solemn pealing;
A prayer was then the ecstasy of bliss.
—Remembrance holds me now, with childhood's fond appealings,
Back from the fatal step, the last."

* * *

"I thank you for your cordial sympathy, for your excellent advice, and I implore you to be quiet. Leave me to my sufferings. In spite of my wretchedness, I have still strength enough for endurance. I revere religion — you know I do. I feel that it can impart strength to the feeble, and comfort to the afflicted; but does it affect all men equally? Consider this vast universe; you will see thousands for whom it has never existed, thousands for whom it will never exist, whether it be preached to them or not; and must it then necessarily exist for me? Does not the Son of God himself say, that they are his whom the Father has given to him? Have I been given to him? What if the Father will

retain me for himself, as my heart sometimes suggests? I pray you do not misinterpret this. Do not extract derision from my harmless words. I pour out my whole soul before you. Silence were otherwise preferable to me: but I need not shrink from a subject of which few know more than I do myself.

"What is the destiny of man, but to fill up the measure of his sufferings, and to drink his allotted cup of bitterness? And if that same cup proved bitter to the God of Heaven, under a human form, why should I affect a foolish pride, and call it sweet? Why should I be ashamed of shrinking at that fearful moment, when my whole being will tremble between existence and annihilation; when a remembrance of the past, like a flash of lightning, will illuminate the dark gulf of futurity, when everything shall dissolve around me, and the whole world vanish away?

"Is not this the voice of a creature oppressed beyond all resource, self-deficient, about to plunge into inevitable destruction, and groaning deeply at its inadequate strength — 'My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?' And should I feel ashamed to utter the same expression? Should I not shudder at a prospect which had its fears, even for him who spread out the heavens like a garment?"

***

With silent satisfaction, I continued neutral. It was irksome to me to converse about such feelings and objects, even with well-affected people, when they could not penetrate the deepest sense, and lingered merely on the surface. But to strive with adversaries, about things

on which even friends could scarcely understand each other, seemed to me unprofitable, nay, pernicious. For I soon perceived that many amiable noblemen, who on this occurrence could but shut their hearts to enmity and hatred, had rapidly passed over to injustice; and in order to defend an outward form, had almost sacrificed their most substantial duties.

* * *

Partly by nature, partly by old habit, it was his way to collect the purpose of the man he had to treat with before stating his own.

* * *

The latter spoke with a feeling of melancholy anger rather than of sorrow; but of anger spiritual, slow and inexhaustible. It was the mistemper of a noble soul, that is severed from all earthly things, and yet devoted to unbounded woe.

* * *

"I should be loath," he replied, "to censure an innocent instinct,
Which to mankind by good mother Nature has always been given.
What understanding and reason may sometimes fail to accomplish,
Oft will such fortunate impulse, that bears us resistlessly with it.
Did curiosity draw not man with its potent attraction,
Say, would he ever have learned how harmoniously fitted together
Worldly experiences are? For first what is novel he covets;

Then with unwearying industry follows he after the
useful;
Finally longs for the good by which he is raised and
ennobled.
He is indeed to be praised, who, out of this gladness of
temper,
Has in his ripening years a sound understanding de-
veloped."

* * *

Gratitude and ingratitude belong to those events which appear every moment in the moral world, and about which men can never agree among themselves. I usually distinguish between non-thankfulness, ingratitude, and aversion from gratitude.

The first is innate with men, nay, created with them; for it arises from a happy, volatile forgetfulness of the repulsive as well as of the delightful, by which alone the continuation of life is possible. Man needs such an infinite quantity of previous and concurrent assistance for a tolerable existence, that if he would always pay to the sun and to the earth, to God and to Nature, to ancestors and parents, to friends and companions the thanks due them, he would have neither time or feeling left to receive and enjoy new benefits.

But if the natural man suffers this volatility to get the control in and over him, a cold indifference gains more and more the ascendency, and one at last regards one's benefactor as a stranger to whose injury, perhaps, anything may be undertaken, provided it be advantageous to ourselves. This alone can properly be called ingratitude, which results from the rudeness into which

the uncultivated nature must necessarily lose itself at last.

Aversion from gratitude, however, the rewarding of a benefit by ill-natured and sullen conduct, is very rare, and occurs only in eminent men, such as, with great natural gifts, and a presentiment of them, being born in a lower rank in society or in a helpless condition, must, from their youth upwards, force themselves along, step by step, and receive at every point, aids and supports, which are often embittered and repulsive to them through the coarseness of their benefactor since that which they receive is earthly, while that which, on the other hand, they give, is of a higher kind, so that what is, strictly speaking, a compensation, is out of the question.

* * *

The spirit of contradiction and the love of paradoxes stick fast in us all.

* * *

Our passions are true phœnixes: as the old burn out, the new straight rise up out of the ashes.

* * *

When self-esteem expresses itself in contempt of another, be it the meanest, it must be repellant. A flippant, frivolous man may ridicule others, may controvert them, scorn them; but he who has any respect for himself seems to have renounced the right of thinking meanly of others. What are we all that we can dare to raise ourselves to any height?

***

Errors and misunderstandings are the springs of action, of life, and of amusement.

***

The imagination is a divine gift, but I do not like to see it employed about the actualities of life. The airy forms to which it gives birth are delightful to contemplate, if we view them as beings of a peculiar order, but connected with truth, they become prodigies and are disapproved of by our reason and judgment. The imagination should not deal in facts, nor be employed to establish facts. Its proper province is art, and there its influence should operate like sweet music, which awakens our emotions, and makes us forget the cause by which these emotions are awakened.

***

We have weaknesses, both by birth and education, and it may be questioned which of the two gives us the most trouble

***

The preponderance of his contradictory, bitter, biting humor was certainly derived from his disease and the sufferings arising from it. This case often occurs in life; one does not sufficiently take into consideration the moral effect of sickly conditions, and one therefore judges many characters very unjustly, because it is assumed that all men are healthy, and required of them that they should conduct themselves accordingly.

***

Our nature seems to have two sides, which cannot exist separately. Light and darkness, good and evil, height and depth, virtue and vice, and a thousand other contradictions unequally distributed, appear to constitute the component parts of human nature.

***

Generosity is a manly virtue, but parsimony is becoming in a woman. This is the rule of nature, and our judgments must be subservient thereto.

***

Habit is a strange thing —
Birth and habit forge strong fetters.

***

One should not speak, publicly at least, of one's own faults, or those of others, if one does not hope to effect some useful purpose by it.

***

We like authority because we are human. For what else is authority, in the sense in which we use it, than a desire for independence, and for the enjoyment of existence as much as possible.

***

He values my understanding and talents more highly than he does my heart, and I am alone proud of the latter. It is the sole source of everything, of our strength, of our happiness, and our misery. All the knowledge I possess, every one else can acquire, but my heart is exclusively my own.

***

Every province loves its own dialect; for it is, properly speaking, the element in which the soul draws its breath.

***

Care builds her nest far down the heart's recesses,
There broods o'er dark, untold distresses,
Restless she sits, and scares thy joy and peace away;
She puts on some new mask with each new day,
Herself as house and home, as wife and child presenting,
As fire and water, bane and blade;
What never hits makes thee afraid,
And what is never lost, she keeps thee still lamenting.

***

The man of understanding finds almost everything ridiculous; the man of thought scarcely anything.

***

Most readily fear steals into the heart of us mortals,
And anxiety, worse to me than the actual evil.

***

Order and arrangement increase the desire to save and get. A man embarrassed in his circumstances, and conducting them imprudently, likes best to continue in the dark; he will not gladly reckon up the debtor entries he is charged with. But on the other hand, there is nothing to a prudent manager more pleasant than daily to set before himself the sums of his growing fortune. Even a mischance, if it surprise and vex, will not affright him; for he knows at once what gains he has acquired to cast into the other scale.

***

Singular enough! We seem to be so intimate with nothing as we are with our own wishes and hopes, which have long been kept and cherished in our hearts; yet when they meet us, when they as it were press forward to us, then we know them not, then we recoil from them.

***

There is just as much self-conceit in giving pain to others when they are comfortable, as in showing an excess of kindness to one's self or to one's friends.

***

So true it is that whatever inwardly confirms man in his self-conceit or flatters his secret vanity, is so highly desirable to him, that he does not ask further, whether in other respects it may turn to his honor or his disgrace.

***

Nothing is more ridiculous to the strong and powerful, than to see weakness and inefficiency setting up its pretentions to equality, wrapped in the obscurity of its own fancies and in the ignorance of itself, its powers and its qualities.

***

We receive but little thanks from men when we would elevate their internal aspirations, give them a great idea of themselves, and make them feel the grandeur of a really noble existence. But when one cajoles them, tells them tales, and helping them on from day to day, makes them worse, then one is just the man they like; and

hence it is that modern times takes delight in so many absurdities.

* * *

Whoever indulges long in monologue in the presence of others, without flattering his listeners, provokes ill-will.

* * *

It is a pious wish of all fathers to see what they have themselves failed to attain, realized in their sons, as if in this way they could live their lives over again, and, at last, make a proper use of their early experience.

* * *

He resembled both parents, and one could distinguish in his mind the separate dispositions of each. He possessed the gay, thoughtless manner of his father, in his strong inclination to enjoy the present moment, and, in most cases, to prefer himself to others; but he also inherited the tranquil and reflective mind of his mother, no less than her love for honesty and justice, and a willingness, like her, perpetually to sacrifice himself for the advantage of others. To explain his contradictory conduct upon many occasions, his companions were often reduced to the necessity of believing that he had two souls.

* * *

The children of a family usually copy those members of a household who seem to live most happily, and most enjoy themselves.

* * *

To earth, this weary earth, ye bring us,
To guilt ye let us heedless go,
Then leave repentance fierce to wring us:
A moment's guilt, an age of woe!

* * *

It was not the first time that so singular a character had come across her, although she had never seen any in which the unusual features were so largely developed; and she had had experience enough to show her that such persons after having felt the discipline of life, after having gone through something of it, and been in intercourse with older people, may come out at last really charming and amiable; the selfishness may soften, and eager, restless activity find a definite direction for itself.

Where strangers only desire to enjoy, or at least not to have their taste offended, the business of parents is rather to hope.

* * *

Man is not meant, forsooth, to grow from the ground like a mushroom,
Quickly to perish away on the spot of ground that begot him,
Leaving no trace behind of himself and his animal action.

. . . . . .

We have no power to fashion our children as suiteth our fancy:
As they are given by God, we so must have them and love them;

Teach them as best we can, and let each of them follow
his nature.
One will have talents of one sort, and different talents
another,
Every one useth his own; in his own individual fashion,
Each must be happy and good.

* * *

"Thrice happy are they to be esteemed, whom their birth of itself exalts above the lower stages of mankind; who do not need to traverse those perplexities, not even to skirt them, in which many worthy men so painfully consume the whole period of life. Far-extending and unerring must their vision be, on that higher station; easy each step of their progress in the world! From their very birth, they are placed as it were in a ship, which, in this voyage we have all to make, enables them to profit by the favorable winds, and to ride out the cross ones; while others, bare of help, must wear their strength away in swimming, can derive little profit from the favorable breeze, and in the storm must soon become exhausted and sink to the bottom. What convenience, what ease of movement does a fortune we are born to, confer upon us! How securely does a traffic flourish, which is founded on a solid capital, where the failure of one or of many enterprises does not of necessity reduce us to inaction! Who can better know the worth and worthlessness of earthly things, than he that has had within his choice the enjoyment of them from youth upwards; and who can earlier guide his mind to the useful, the necessary, the true, than he that may convice himself of so many errors in an age when his strength is yet fresh to begin a new career!"

***

A burgher may acquire merit; by excessive efforts he may even educate his mind; but his personal qualities are lost, or worse than lost, let him struggle as he will. Since the nobleman, frequenting the society of the most polished, is compelled to give himself a polished manner; since this manner, neither door nor gate being shut against him, grows at last an unconstrained one; since, in court or camp, his figure, his person, are a part of his possessions, and it may be the most necessary part, — he has reason enough to put some value on them, and to show that he puts some. A certain stately grace in common things, a sort of gay elegance in earnest and important ones, becomes him well; for it shows him to be everywhere in equilibrium. He is a public person, and the more cultivated his movements the more sonorous his voice, the more staid and measured his whole being is, the more perfect is he. If to high and low, to friends and relations, he continues still the same, then nothing can be said against him, none may wish him otherwise. His coldness must be reckoned clearness of head, his dissimulation prudence. If he can rule himself externally at every moment of his life, no man has aught more to demand of him; and whatever else there may be in him or about him, capacities, talents, wealth, all seem gifts of supererogation.

***

There is a courtesy of the heart. It is akin to love. Out of it arises the purest courtesy in the outward behavior. There is no outward sign of courtesy that

does not rest on a deep, moral foundation. The proper education would be that which communicated the sign and the foundation of it at the same time.

* * *

Free-and-easiness, where there ought to be respect, is always ridiculous.

Behavior is a mirror in which every one displays his own image.

* * *

All politeness, when it does not present itself as the flowering of a great and comprehensive mode of life, must appear restrained, stationary, and from some points of view, perhaps, absurd.

* * *

That which we call politeness and good-breeding effects what otherwise can only be obtained by violence, or not even by that.

* * *

Do not accustom yourself to act in a hard and unfriendly manner towards others even in jest, as they may take it ill. We have no need to increase our evil habits by practising them for entertainment.

* * *

"A well-bred carriage," he would say, "is difficult to imitate; for in strictness it is negative; and it implies a long-continued previous training. You are not required to exhibit in your manner anything that specially betokens dignity; for, by this means, you are like to run into

formality and haughtiness; you are rather to avoid whatever is undignified and vulgar. You are never to forget yourself; are to keep a constant watch upon yourself and others; to forgive nothing that is faulty in your own conduct, in that of others neither to forgive too little nor too much. Nothing must appear to touch you, nothing to agitate: you must never overhaste yourself, must ever keep yourself composed, retaining still an outward calmness, whatever storms may rage within. The noble character at certain moments may resign himself to his emotions; the well-bred never. The latter is like a man dressed out in fair and spotless clothes: he will not lean on anything; every person will beware of rubbing on him. He distinguishes himself from others, yet he may not stand apart; for as in all arts, so in this, the hardest must at length be done with ease: the well-bred man of rank, in spite of every separation, always seem united with the people round him; he is never to be stiff, or uncomplying; he is always to appear the first, and never to insist on so appearing.

"It is clear, then, that to seem well-bred, a man must actually be so. It is also clear why women generally are more expert at taking up the air of breeding than the other sex; why courtiers and soldiers catch it more easily than other men."

* * *

There are in man very many intellectual capacities which in this life he is unable to develop, which therefore point to a better future, and to a more harmonious state of existence.

* * *

For the sake of the future, one may well postpone or lose the present.

* * *

Deep minds are compelled to live in the past as well as in the future.

* * *

It is impossible to understand the present without a knowledge of the past; and to compare the two, requires both time and leisure.

* * *

We tried to cheer ourselves up under a joyless present, by remembrances of a better past.

* * *

Some men have the advantage of being double benefactors; once to the present which they make happy, and then to the future, the feelings and courage of which they nourish and sustain.

* * *

I will improve; I will no longer, as has ever been my habit, continue to ruminate on every petty vexation which fortune may dispense; I will enjoy the present, and the past shall be to me the past. There would be far less suffering among mankind, if men — and God knows why they are so fashioned — did not employ their imaginations so assiduously in recalling the memory of past sorrow, instead of bearing their present lot with equanimity.

* * *

There are but few men who care to occupy themselves

with the immediate past. Either we are forcibly bound up in the present, or we lose ourselves in the long gone-by, and seek back for what is utterly lost, as if it were possible to summon it up again, and rehabilitate it.

* * *

For one thing, the evil was already *done;* and though people of a singularly strict and harsh temper are wont to set themselves forcibly against the past, and thus to increase the evil that cannot now be remedied; yet, on the other hand, what is actually done exerts a resistless effect upon most minds; an event which lately appeared impossible takes its place, so soon as it has really occurred, with what occurs daily.

* * *

Here comes superstition, which of all things I hate the worst — the most mischievous and accursed of all the plagues of mankind. We trifle with prophecies, with forebodings, and give a seriousness to our every-day life with them; but when the seriousness of life itself begins to show, when everything around us is heaving and rolling, then come in these spectres to make the storm more terrible.

* * *

Superstition, like many other fancies, very easily loses its power, when, instead of flattering our vanity, it stands in its way, and would fain produce an evil hour to this delicate being. We then see well enough that we can get rid of it when we choose; we renounce it the more easily, as all of which we deprive ourselves turns to our own advantage.

* * *

My days are as happy as those reserved by God for his elect, and whatever be my fate hereafter, I can never say that I have not tasted joy, — the purest joy of life.

* * *

There can be no greater delight than is experienced by a man who, by his own unaided resources, frees himself from the consequences of error. Heaven looks down with satisfaction upon such a spectacle, and we cannot deny the force of the seeming paradox, which assures us there is more joy before God over one returning sinner than over ninety-nine just.

* * *

Content and peace of mind are valuable things. I could wish, my dear friend, that these precious jewels were less transitory.

* * *

I like those authors best whose scenes describe my own situation in life, and the friends who are about me whose stories touch me with interest, from resembling my own homely existence, which, without being absolutely paradise, is on the whole a source of indescribable happiness.

* * *

Distance, my friend, is like futurity. A dim vastness is spread before our souls; the perceptions of our minds are as obscure as those of our vision, and we desire earnestly to surrender up our whole being, that it may be filled with the complete and perfect bliss of one glorious emotion. But, alas! when we have attained our object,

when the distant *there* becomes the present *here*, all is changed again; we are as poor and circumscribed as ever, and our souls still languish for unattainable happiness.

So the restless traveller pants for his native soil, and finds in his own cottage, in the arms of his wife, in the affection of his children, and in the labor necessary for their support, that happiness which he has sought in vain through the whole world.

* * *

Happy is it, indeed, for me that my heart is capable of feeling the same simple and innocent pleasure as the peasant, whose table is covered with food of his own raising, and who not only enjoys his meal, but remembers with delight the happy days and sunny mornings when he planted it, the soft evenings when he watered it, and the pleasure he experienced in watching its daily growth.

* * *

Renounce! renounce! Renunciation —
Such is the everlasting song
That in the ears of all men rings,
Which every hour, our whole life long,
With brazen accents hoarsely sings.

* * *

You have taught me that we possess within ourselves an antidote equivalent to the force of our passions; that we are capable of renouncing luxuries to which we have been accustomed, and of suppressing our strongest inclinations. You have made me acquainted with the existence of that ever-living conscience, which, in peaceful

silence dwells within our souls, and never ceases with gentle admonitions to remind us of its presence, till its sway becomes irresistibly acknowledged.

* * *

Our physical as well as our social life, manners, customs, wordly wisdom, philosophy, religion, and many an accidental event, all call upon us, *to deny ourselves.* Much that is most inwardly peculiar to us, we are not allowed to develop; much that we need from without for the completion of our character is withheld; while, on the other hand, so much is forced upon us which is as alien to us as it is burdensome.

We are robbed of all that we have laboriously acquired for ourselves, or friendly circumstances have bestowed upon us; and before we can see clearly what we are, we find ourselves compelled to part with our personality, piece by piece, till at last it is gone altogether.

Indeed, the case is so universal that it seems a law of society to despise a man who shows himself surly on that account. On the contrary, the bitterer the cup we have to drink, the more pleasant face must one make in order that composed lookers-on may not be offended by the least grimace.

To solve this painful problem, however, nature has endowed man with ample power, activity, and endurance. But especially is he aided therein by his volatility, a boon to man which nothing can take away. By its means he is able to renounce the cherished object of the moment, if only the next presents him something new to reach at; and thus he goes on unconsciously, remodelling his whole life. We are continually putting one passion in

the place of another; employments, inclinations, tastes, hobbies — we try them all, only to exclaim at last, *All is vanity.*

No one is shocked by this false and murmuring speech; nay, every one thinks while he says it, that he is uttering a wise and indisputable maxim. A few men there are, and only a few, who anticipate this insupportable feeling, and avoid all calls to such partial resignation, by one grand act of total self-renunciation.

* * *

I wish, for my part, that we were not obliged to deny ourselves anything, and that we had no knowledge of these blessings which we are not allowed to possess. But unfortunately we walk in an orchard, where, though all the trees are loaded with fruit, we are compelled to leave them untouched, to satisfy ourselves with the enjoyment of the shade, and forego the greater indulgence.

* * *

Limit your wants; the *Must* is hard, and yet solely by this *Must* can we show how it is with us in our inner man. To live according to caprice requires no peculiar talent.

* * *

We are strange creatures. If we can only put out of sight anything which troubles us, we fancy at once we have got rid of it. We can give up much in the large and general; but to make sacrifices in little things is a demand to which we are rarely equal.

***

How rare is the display of that pure virtue, which incites us to live and to sacrifice ourselves for others.

***

I will be lord over myself. No one who cannot master himself is worthy to rule, and only he *can* rule.

***

The mind can be highly delighted, in two ways, by perception and conception. But the former demands a worthy object, which is not always at hand, and a proportionate culture, which one does not immediately attain.

Conception, on the other hand, requires only susceptibility; it brings its subject-matter with it, and is itself the instrument of culture.

***

All great cortrasts confound the mind and senses.

The human mind will not be confined to any limits.

***

In order to form an idea of the highest achievements of the human mind, the soul must first attain to perfect freedom from prejudice and prepossession.

***

It is a singular fact, that it is easy enough to clearly see and to acknowledge what is good and excellent, but when one attempts to make them one's own, and to grasp them, somehow or other they slip away as it were, from between one's fingers; and we apprehend them,

not by the standard of the true and right, but in accordance with our precious habits of thought and taste.

. . . . . .

To apprehend quickly is, forsooth, the attribute of the mind, but correctly to execute, that requires the practice of a life.

. . . . . .

How quick to know, but how slow to put in practice is the human creature.

* * *

There are certain things on which destiny obstinately insists. In vain may reason, may virtue, may duty, may all holy feelings place themselves in its way. Something shall be done which to it seems good, and which to us seems not good; and it forces its own way through at last, let us conduct ourselves as we will.

* * *

To be misunderstood is the fate of us all.

* * *

"It gives me pain to hear this word destiny in the mouth of a young person, just at the age when men are commonly accustomed to ascribe their own violent inclinations to the will of higher natures."

"Do you, then, believe in no destiny? No power that rules over us, and directs all for our ultimate advantage?"

"The question is not now of my belief; nor is this the place to explain how I may have attempted to form for myself some not impossible conception of things which are imcomprehensible to all of us; the question

here is: What mode of viewing them will profit us the most? The fabric of our life is formed of necessity and chance; the reason of man takes its station between them, and may rule them both: it treats the necessary as the groundwork of its being; the accidental it can direct and guide and employ for its own purposes; and only while this principle of reason stands firm and inexpugnable, does man deserve to be named the god of this lower world. But woe to him who, from his youth, has used himself to search in necessity for something of arbitrary will; to ascribe to chance a sort of reason, which it is a matter of religion to obey! Is conduct like this aught else than to renounce one's understanding, and give unrestricted scope to one's inclinations? We think it is a kind of piety to move along without consideration; to let accidents that please us determime our conduct; and finally, to bestow on the result of such a vacillating life the name of providential guidance."

* * *

Cradle and grave —
A limitless deep —
An endless weaving
To and fro,
A restless heaving
Of life and glow, —
So shape I, on Destiny's thundering loom,
The Godhead's live garment, eternal in bloom.

* * *

The coursers of time, lashed, as it were, by invisible spirits, hurry on the light car of our destiny, and all that

we can do, is, in cool self-possession to hold the reins with a firm hand, and to guide the wheels, now to the left, now to the right, avoiding a stone here, or a precipice there. Whither it is hurrying who can tell? and who, indeed, can remember the point from which it started?

* * *

Fate is pitiless, and man but little.

* * *

"Oh! who knows," cried he, "what trials are before me; who knows how sharply bygone errors will yet punish me; how often good and reasonable projects for the future shall miscarry! But this treasure, which I call my own, continue it to me, thou exorable or inexorable fate! Were it possible that this best part of myself were taken from me, that this heart could be torn from my heart, then farewell sense and understanding; farewell all care and foresight; vanish thou tendency to perseverance! All that distinguishes us from the beasts, pass away! And if it is not lawful for a man to end his heavy days by the act of his own hand, may speedy madness banish consciousness, before death, which destroys it forever, shall bring on his own long night."

* * *

By appointed laws we enter into life; the days are numbered which make us ripe to see the light; but for the duration of our life there is no law. The weakest thread will spin itself to unexpected length; and the strongest is cut suddenly asunder by the scissors of the fates, delighting, as it seems, in contradictions.

***

Neither earthly nor infernal thing may bring about what is reserved for fate alone. The hour of judgment comes; the wicked falls with the good; one race is mowed away, that another may spring up.

***

Let no one think that he can conquer the first impressions of his youth. If he has grown up in enviable freedom, surrounded with beautiful and noble objects, in constant intercourse with worthy men; if his masters have taught him what he needed first to know, for comprehending more easily what followed; if he has never learned anything which he requires to unlearn; if his first operations have been so guided, that without altering any of his habits, he can more easily produce what is excellent in future; then such a one will lead a purer, more perfect and happier life, than another man who has wasted the force of his youth in opposition and error. A great deal is said and written about education; yet I meet with very few who can comprehend, and transfer to practice, this simple yet vast idea, which includes within itself all others connected with the subject.

"That may well be true," said Wilhelm, "for the generality of men are limited in their conceptions to suppose that every other should be fashioned by education according to the pattern of themselves. Happy, then, are those whom fate takes charge of, and educates according to their several natures!"

"Fate," said the other, smiling, "is an excellent, but

most expensive schoolmaster. In all cases, I would rather trust to the reason of a human tutor. Fate, for whose wisdom I entertain all imaginable reverence, often finds in Chance, by which it works, an instrument not over manageable. At least the latter very seldom seems to execute precisely and accurately what the former had determined."

* * *

The threads of his destiny had become so strangely entangled, he wished to see its curious knots unraveled or cut in two.

* * *

With the alkalies and acids, for instance, the affinities are strikingly marked. They are of opposite natures; very likely their being of opposite natures is the secret of their effect on one another — they seek one another eagerly out, lay hold of each other, modify each other's character, and form in connection, an entirely new substance. Their relations will be different according to the natural differences of the things themselves. Sometimes they will meet like friends and old acquaintances; they will come rapidly together, and unite without either having to alter itself at all — as wine mixes with water. Others, again, will remain as strangers, side by side, and no amount of mechanical mixing or forcing will succeed in combining them. Oil and water may be shaken up together and the next moment they are separate again, each by itself.

* * *

It appears to me that if you choose to call these creatures of yours related, the relationship is not so

much a relationship of blood as of soul and spirit. It is the way in which we see all really deep friendships arise among men; opposite peculiarities of disposition being what best makes internal union possible.

It is just the most complicated cases which are the most interesting. In these you come first to see the degrees of the affinities, to watch them as their power of attraction is weaker or stronger, nearer or more remote. Affinities only begin really to interest when they bring about separations. The title with which chemists were supposed to be most honorably distinguished was, artists of separation.

* * *

Opportunity makes relations as it makes thieves.

* * *

Our relations are those of character to character.

* * *

It is with work as with dancing; persons who keep the same step must grow indispensable to one another.

* * *

The closest unions are those of opposites.

* * *

Living, as they were under one roof, without even so much as thinking of each other, although they might be occupied with other things, or diverted this way or that by the other members of the party, they always drew together. If they were in the same room, in a short time they were sure to be either standing or sitting near each other; they were only content when close together,

but were then perfectly easy. To be near was enough; there was no need for them either to look or to speak; they did not seek to touch one another, or make sign or gesture, but merely to be together. Then there were not two persons, there was but one person in unconscious and perfect content, at peace with itself and with the world.

***

Everything in this world depends on distinctness of idea and firmness of purpose.

— An existence full of purpose and highly comfortable —

***

Even in these few days, the circumstance that I have had to wait upon myself, and have always been obliged to keep my attention and presence of mind upon the alert, has given me quite a new elasticity of intellect.

***

An energetic nature feels itself brought into the world for its own development, and not for the approbation of the public.

***

"Believe me, love, most part of all the misery and mischief, or all that is denominated evil in the world, arises from the fact that men are too remiss to get a proper knowledge of their aims, and when they do know them, to work intensely in attaining them. They seem to me like people who have taken up a notion, that they must and will erect a tower, and who yet expend on the foundation not more stones and labor than would be sufficient for a hut. If you, my friend, whose highest

want is to perfect and unfold your moral nature, had, instead of those bold and noble sacrifices, merely trimmed between your duties to yourself and to your family, your bridegroom, or perhaps your husband, you must have lived in a constant contradiction with your feelings, and never could have had a peaceful moment."

* * *

"Whatever it may be," said he, "reason or feeling, that commands us to give up the one thing for the other, to choose the one before the other, decision and perseverance are, in my opinion, the noblest qualities of man. You cannot have the ware and the money both at once; and he who always hankers for the ware without having heart to give the money for it, is no better off than he who repents him of the purchase when the ware is in his hands. But I am far from blaming men on this account; it is not they that are to blame; it is the difficult, entangled situation they are in; they know not how to guide themselves in its perplexities. Thus, for instance, you will on the average find fewer bad economists in the country than in towns, and fewer again in small towns than in great; and why? Man is intended for a limited condition; objects that are simple, near, determinate, he comprehends, and he becomes accustomed to employ such means as are at hand: but on entering a wider field, he now knows neither what he would nor what he should; and it amounts to quite the same, whether his attention is distracted by the multitude of objects, or is overpowered by their magnitude and dignity. It is always a misfortune for him, when he is induced to

struggle after anything, with which he cannot connect himself by some regular exertion of his powers.

"Certainly," pursued he, "without earnestness there is nothing to be done in life; yet among the people whom we name cultivated men, little earnestness is to be found; in labors and employments, in arts, nay, even in creations, they proceed, if I may say so, with a sort of self-defense; they live, as they read a heap of newspapers, only to have done with it."

* * *

Whoever strives in our sight with vehement force to reach an object, be it one that we praise or that we blame, may count on exciting an interest in our minds; but when once the matter is decided, we turn our eyes away from him; whatever once lies finished and done, can no longer at all fix our attention, especially if we at first prophesied an evil issue to the undertaking.

* * *

I am not downcast about the issue. What is begun with so much cheerfulness must reach a happy end. I have never doubted that a man may force his way through the world if he really is in earnest about it.

* * *

The Israelitish people never was good for much, as its own leaders, judges, rulers, prophets have a thousand times reproachfully declared; it possesses few virtues, and most of the faults of other nations; but in cohesion, steadfastness, valor, and when all this would not serve, in obstinate toughness, it has no match. It is the most

perseverant nation in the world: it is, it was and will be, to glorify the name of Jehovah, through all ages.

* * *

For as man and wife are plighted,
And the better half the wife;
So is night to day united,
Night's the better half of life.

Can you joy, in bustling daytime,
Day when none can get his will?
It is good for work, for haytime,
For much other, it is ill.

But when, in the nightly gloaming,
Social lamp on table glows,
Face for faces dear illuming
And such jest and joyance goes;

With a heart how lightsome feeling
Do ye count the kindly clock,
Which, twelve times deliberate pealing,
Tells you none to-night shall knock.

* * *

It is strange, and it is an experience which perhaps you also know, the remembrance of the absent, though not extinguished by time, is veiled.

The distractions of our life, acquaintance with new objects, in short every change in our circumstances, do to our hearts what smoke and dirt do to a picture,— they make the delicate touches quite undiscernible, and in such a way that one does not know how it comes to pass.

* * *

Time is infinitely long, and each day is a vessel into which a great deal may be poured, if one will actually fill it up.

* * *

Patience, time and distance will do that which nothing else can do; they will annihilate every unpleasant impression.

* * *

— a laudable design, frustrated by the rushing flight of time.

* * *

The moment alone is decisive;
Fixes the life of man, and his future destiny settles.
After long taking of counsel, yet only the work of a moment
Every decision must be; and the wise alone seizes the right one.
Dangerous always it is comparing the one with the other
When we are making our choice, and so confusing our feelings.

* * *

Who can tell the caterpillar creeping on the branch, of what its future food will be! Who can help the grub upon the earth to burst its shell? The time comes when it presses out and hurries winged into the bosom of the rose. Thus will the years bring *us* also the right direction of our strength.

***

How is it that the year sometimes seems so short, and sometimes so long? How is it that it is so short when it is passing, and so long as we look back over it? When I think of the past (and it never comes so powerfully over me as in the garden), I feel how the perishing and the enduring work one upon the other, and there is nothing whose endurance is so brief as not to leave behind it some trace of itself, something in its own likeness.

***

One should gather nothing before it is ripe, and a fortnight sooner or later makes a great difference.

***

"To-day," said he, "I feel through my whole heart how foolishly we let our time pass on. How many things have I proposed to do, how many have I planned; yet how we loiter in our noblest purposes!"

***

"One who lives long," said the old man, "sees much collected and much cast asunder."

***

"You always want to oppress me with *evidences*. Wherefore? Do I need evidences of my own existence? Evidence that I feel? I only treasure, love and demand evidences that convince me that thousands (or even one) have felt before me that which strengthens and invigorates me. And thus to me the word of man becomes like unto the word of God. With my whole soul I throw

myself upon the neck of my brothers: Moses, Prophet, Evangelist, Apostle, Spinoza, or Machiavelli! To each, however, I would say: 'Dear Friend, it is with you as it is with me. Certain details you apprehend clearly and powerfully, but the whole can no more be conceived by you than by me.'"

***

I could tear open my bosom with vexation to think how little we are capable of influencing the feelings of each other. No one can communicate to me those sensations of love, joy, rapture, and delight, which I do not naturally possess; and though my heart may glow with the most lively affection, I cannot make the happiness of one in whom the same warmth is not inherent.

***

Nothing distresses me more than to see men torment each other; particularly when in the flower of their age, in the very season of pleasure, they waste their few short days of sunshine in quarrels and disputes, and only perceive their error when it is too late to repair it.

***

If we think how many people we have known, and consider how little we have been to them and how little they have been to us, it is no very pleasing reflection. We have met a man of genius without having enjoyed much with him — a learned man without having learned from him — a traveller without having been instructed — a man to love without having shown him any kindness.

And, unhappily, this is not the case only with accidental meetings. Societies and families behave in the

same way towards their dearest members, towns towards their worthiest citizens, people towards their most admirable princes, nations towards their most distinguished men.

I have heard it asked why we heard nothing but good spoken of the dead, while of the living it is never without some exception. It should be answered, because from the former we have nothing any more to fear, while the latter may still, here or there, fall in our way. So unreal is our anxiety to preserve the memory of others generally no more than a mere selfish amusement; and the real, holy, earnest feeling would be what should prompt us to be more diligent and assiduous in our attentions towards those who still are left to us.

* * *

My grandmother used to tell us a story of a mountain of loadstone. When any vessels came near it, they were deprived instantly of their ironwork, the nails flew to the mountain, and the unhappy crew perished amongst the disjointed planks.

* * *

"We are apt to complain, but with very little cause, that our happy days are few, and our evil days many. If our hearts were always disposed to receive the benefits which Heaven sends us, we should acquire strength to support evil when it comes."

"But," observed the vicar's wife, "we cannot always commannd our tempers, so much depends upon the constitution: when the body suffers, the mind is ill at ease."

"I acknowledge that," I continued; "but we must

consider such a disposition in the light of a disease, and inquire whether there is no remedy for it."

"I should be glad to hear one," said Charlotte.

"Ill-humour resembles indolence," I replied; "it is natural to us; but if once we have courage to exert ourselves, we find our work run fresh from our hands, and we experience in the activity from which we shrank, a real enjoyment."

"You call ill-humour a crime," she said; "but I think you use too strong a term."

"Not at all," I replied; "if that deserves the name which is pernicious to ourselves and our neighbors. Is it not enough that we want the power to make one another happy,— must we deprive each other of the pleasure which we can all make for ourselves? Show me the man who has the courage to hide his ill-humour, who bears the whole burden himself, without disturbing the peace of those around him. No; ill-humour arises from an inward consciousness of our own want of merit,— from a discontent which ever accompanies that envy which foolish vanity engenders. We see people happy, whom we have not made so, and we cannot endure the sight.

"Woe unto those, who use their power over a human heart, to destroy the simple pleasures it would naturally enjoy! All the favours, all the attentions in the world cannot compensate for the loss of that happiness which a cruel tyranny has destroyed.

"We should daily repeat to ourselves, that we should not interfere with our friends, unless to leave them in possession of their own joys, and increase their happiness by sharing it with them."

* * *

For my part, in the development and the expressions of my ideas, I perhaps experienced far more hindrance and check from the false co-operation and interference of the like-minded, than by the opposition of those whose turn of mind was directly contrary to my own.

. . . . . .

Every word a man utters provokes the opposite opinion.

* * *

It is always a misfortune to step into new relations to which one has not been inured; we are often against our will lured into a false sympathy, the incompleteness of such positions troubles us, and yet we see no means either of completing them or of removing them.

* * *

There is depth and significance in the old remark: on the summit of fortune one abides not long.

* * *

Misfortune is also a good. I have learned much in illness which I could have learned nowhere else in life.

* * *

A small evil, which follows closely upon a greater, can fill the cup.

* * *

Great misfortune is often the harbinger of intense joy.

* * *

It is a real misery to be pursued and hunted by many spirits.

* * *

What people say of misfortunes — that they never come alone — may with almost as much truth be said also of good fortune, and, indeed, of other circumstances which often cluster around us in a harmonious way; whether it be by a kind of fatality, or whether it be that man has the power of attracting to himself all mutually related things.

* * *

As every little circumstance combines to favor the fortunate, and every accident contributes to elate him; so do the most trifling occurrences love to unite to crush and overwhelm the unhappy.

* * *

Misfortune when we look upon it with our eyes is smaller than when our imagination sinks the evil down into the recesses of the soul.

* * *

With unshaken mind be thou ready for good or evil.

* * *

To-morrow will not do what is not done to-day.
Let not a day be lost in dallying,
But seize the possibility
Right by the forelock, courage rallying,
And forth with fearless spirit sallying,—
Once in the yoke, and you are free.

* * *

Even on the firm land there are frequent enough ship-

wrecks, and the true, wise conduct is to recover ourselves, and refit our vessel as fast as possible.

* * *

At certain epochs, children part from parents, servants from masters, protégés from their patrons; and whether it succeed or not, such an attempt to stand on one's own feet, to make one's self independent, to live for one's self, is always in accordance with the will of nature.

* * *

— necessity's pressure
Brings forth the angel in man, and makes him a god of deliv'rance.

* * *

Submit to what is unavoidable, banish the impossible from the mind, and look around for some new object of interest in life.

* * *

Say what you will of fortitude, but show me the man who can patiently endure the laughter of fools, when they have obtained an advantage over him. 'Tis only when their nonsense is without foundation that we can suffer it without complaint.

* * *

We should not forget that the highest honor is to command ourselves in misfortune; to bear pain if it must be so, with equanimity and self-collectedness.

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